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### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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#### Politics of Europe.

The ship *WOODFORD*, A. Chapman, from London the 6th of October, the Cape of Good Hope the 5th of January, and Madras the 26th of April, was announced in the Report of yesterday; and the *BOMBAY MERCHANT*, Captain Hill, from Madras the 26th of April, was reported in an Extra issued on Thursday evening.

From the COUNCIL OF TEN, we give, to-day, an article written with the characteristic ability of that work, on the punishment of flogging in the army, in the form of a Letter addressed to His Royal Highness the Duke of York; and refer our readers generally to the miscellaneous contents of our pages, which, we trust, will all be found to possess more or less interest.

*Turkish Empire.*—The Turkish Empire is hastening to its end, at least in Europe. Never was a greater combination of the elements of destruction arrayed against so ill-constructed and barbarous an edifice. Invaded and defeated by the Persians in the East, unable to cope even with the insurgent Greeks, threatened by the Russians, their finances ruined, their commerce destroyed, their sources of revenue cut off, their principal means of defence those janissaries who are ever more formidable to their masters and fellow-countrymen than to the enemy,—the Turks are now in so deplorable a condition, that the long-cherished project of driving them into Asia, admits of rapid and easy execution. The Ottoman Empire has indeed been preserved for centuries past, not so much by its own strength, as by the quarrels and jealousies of its neighbours. When we consider that the European dominions of the Grand Seignor do not contain more than one million of Turks, with probably four of Greeks and mixed tribes, who are no less brave and infinitely more dexterous than their task masters,—we see at once, that the Empire must have long ago become the conquest of the Northern Potentates, had not their constant disputes about the division of the spoil paralysed every attack upon it. Now, however, when the Greeks have already achieved a partial independence, and appear at the least an equal match for the mobs of Turkish soldiery, the interference of a foreign power would speedily terminate the contest. England could expel the Turks from Europe, and place in their stead an independent Greek state, by the movement (so to speak) of her little finger. The advantages this country would reap from adopting that course—to say nothing of motives of honour and humanity—are incalculable. An alliance with a maritime people in the Mediterranean, bound to us by the strongest ties of gratitude, would be no small help to our naval and commercial interests; while our manufacturers would find a vast and daily increasing market among an intelligent people; inhabiting a delightful country, whose industry would no longer be fettered. Such is the power now possessed by England—such the good to be derived from its exercise in the cause of justice, freedom, and humanity. A Cromwell or an Elizabeth would have wanted no urging to embrace the glorious opportunity. Nay, we sincerely believe, that Pitt himself, with all his faults, had enough of respectable ambition in regard to foreign policy, to have profited by so favourable a juncture. There is no Power in Europe which could pretend, at the present time, to hinder the liberation of Greece by English aid. Austria's strength is looked up in Italy. Alexander hesitates to attack the Turks, with all his thirst of conquest, and their provoking hauteur

There is therefore small room for any apprehension, that he would take part with the Mahometans who have insulted him, against the Christians whose brutal treatment has afforded the main pretext for his quarrel with their oppressors. But we are nearly hopeless of our Government. An Oligarchy, subsisting by corruption, and hampered at home by a thousand embarrassments, is more likely to neglect the external interests of the country than the most open despotism. An absolute monarch may consult the glory and good of his kingdom, while he promotes his own; but a corrupt Oligarchy is involved in an everlasting struggle with the People, and exists only by the fostering of those selfish and sinister interests which are utterly at variance with a sound and enlarged foreign policy.

*Accounts from Verona.*—Letters of the highest authority mention, that the latest accounts which had reached the French capital from Verona, were of an extremely satisfactory kind, and expressly stated, that from every thing that had hitherto transpired, there was no prospect of any thing like war; and that it was the expectation of those who had an opportunity of judging correctly, that all differences would be finally settled by diplomatic arrangement alone. It is, indeed, now very fully ascertained, that the Duke of Wellington left England with very different instructions in his pocket from those with which he entered Vienna; and that even subsequently to his taking the road to Verona, he received the fresh dispatches explaining more and more distinctly the new policy on which the British Cabinet was determined to act. When he quitted England he took along with him what had been prepared for his predecessor, and scarcely any other change was made in his first powers and instructions, than the alteration of the name of the new Personage, who was to represent British interests at the Congress. The basis on which he was to act and treat was, however, altered before his Grace reached Vienna; and at one time, we understand, there was some hesitation on his own part, whether he should accept the trust confided to him. Better reflection, however, probably induced him to make some little sacrifice of his former politics and propensities.—*Morning Chronicle.*

We discredit the above intelligence. The CHRONICLE has been all along in error in attributing to Mr. Canning a course of foreign policy more liberal than that pursued by Lord Londonderry. It is stated in the first political circles, that when Mr. Canning received his appointment, his Majesty expressed a wish that he would tread in the footsteps of his predecessor. Is it likely that Mr. Canning, who has his peace to make for former offences, will venture to disobey? A retreat to India is no longer practicable; a continuance in office is necessary to him; and he must render himself the pliant instrument of the Court. Far from believing that the opponent of Liberty and Reform at home, will become their advocate abroad, we feel convinced that Mr. Canning will aid the conspiracy of Kings as far as the state of the finances and the force of opinion will permit. His predecessors could have done no more.—*Traveller.*

*Lord Chancellor.*—On Monday (Nov. 4.) the Lord-Mayor elect waited upon the Lord Chancellor, to receive the King's approbation. The learned lord, in giving it, made a very sentimental speech, in which, among other grave matters, he alluded to the late Recorder, Sylvester. He said it was impossible (indeed!) "to advert to the last Mayoralty without alluding to that most meri-

torious officer and excellent man. Humanity was one of his most conspicuous virtues!!! The awful duties he had to perform were always executed with *abundant feeling*, and on those painful occasions when he had to receive the Royal order with respect to those who had violated the laws of their country, he always approached the Throne with the hope 'that mercy would season justice.' Never had he failed in recommending that the rigour of the law should yield to that other principle which 'became the throned Monarch better than his crown,' and that those who had forfeited their claims to remain longer in society, should be again put to the test." In making these remarks, the eyes of the Lord Chancellor were filled with tears.

**Dublin Common Councilmen.**—The Lord-Mayor of Dublin, Alderman Fleming, issued a Proclamation the other day, forbidding the annual Orange ceremony of dressing King William's statue in College-green. Upon this, forty-nine of the Common Councilmen held a meeting, which they called "a Common-Council," and voted that they would *persist* in dressing the Statue, in spite of the declared wishes of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Civil Magistrate! Such is the faction which has governed Ireland for centuries past! The Statue, however, was not dressed, though some attempts were made by the Orangemen, a constant guard of horse and foot police being posted near it, night and day, during the 4th and 5th of November.

**The Kings of Naples, v. Vestris the Dancer, at Eber's Bazar.**—In a few days a very curious cause will come on in the Court of Common Pleas. The plaintiff is no less a personage than his Majesty Ferdinand, the King of the two Sicilies. It appears that Vestris, the defendant, who was engaged at the theatre of Naples, wished to quit it, in consequence of his having a more lucrative offer from Eber's Bazar. But on applying for a passport, he could only obtain one by entering into a bond for the forfeiture of 4000 ducats to the Government unless he returned. It is upon this bond that the action is brought in the Common Pleas! We are surprised that this important affair was not submitted to the deliberation of the *Noodles and Doodles*, the *Arthurs* and the *Grizzles* of Verona!!!—This subject might have been discussed at Prince Metternich's feast, as a second course to the *Alacroni* discussion!!!—how the world is governed!!!—*British Monitor*.

**Mr. Theodore Hook.**—We do not know any thing that has surprised us much more than the receipt of a letter from Mr. Theodore Hook, the Mauritius gentleman, which we shall publish forthwith, and then treat him, and amuse the public, with a little of his examination before the Commissioners of whom he complains.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,

You have published in your paper a Report of the Audit Board on my case, which, however confusedly drawn up and obscurely expressed, means to convey grave imputations against me. I hope, therefore, you will in candour allow me to state that I never saw that report till I saw it in the newspapers; nor could I have been aware either of the terms in which, or the grounds on which, the Auditors have ventured to make such insinuations.

I shall lose no time in making my appeal to the proper authorities. In the mean while I trust the public will feel that I have suffered no ordinary hardship in having imputations of such a nature promulgated under the sanctions of official authority, without having had an opportunity of being heard in reply.

I pledge myself to be able to prove that this report is a series of blunders, misstatements, and exaggerations, as gross in point of fact as they are absurd and discreditable in point of reasoning and argument.

It is the more necessary that I should trouble you with this statement, because I have laid before the Lords of the Treasury observations on a former report of the Auditors, also printed in the newspapers before I saw it, which might, without

this explanation, be mistaken for a weak and inefficient answer to the report now in question.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

London, Nov. 11.

THEODORE E. HOOK.

**Qy. 269.**—Upon looking to the authority for the receipt of money from Mr. Maure in February, 1816, which, in the document now presented to the Board, you have stated to amount to 30,000 dollars, we find that the amount for which you were directed to draw bills was 40,000 dollars, as for that sum paid in specie into the treasury by Mr. Maure; can you explain why you have stated that sum at 30,000 dollars?—It arose from my mistaking a payment made in January by Mr. Maure, for bills to the amount of 40,000 dollars, of which he had paid 16,000 dollars in the preceding December, for this transaction in February, 1816.

**Qy. 270.**—It appears that on the 23d of July, 1816, an order was given for the payment to Mr. Maure of one per cent. on 142,000 dollars of government bills negotiated by that gentleman, and paid into the treasury in specie; where the 40,000 dollars paid in February a part of that 142,000 dollars?—I conclude they were.

**Qy. 271.**—Have the goodness, then, to point out the other payments made by Mr. Maure, in specie, which formed that sum of 142,000 dollars?—I wish to refer to the treasury books before I answer this question.

**Qy. 272.**—Do you not perceive that this statement given in by you, being only a statement of the increases and decreases in the balances at the end of each week, does not show either what specie was actually paid into or issued out of the treasury during each week of the period for which it is made up?—It would have the effect of showing a certain increase, although not to the full extent of the payments made into the treasury.

**Qy. 273.**—Did you not, however, produce it to this Board as accounting for the whole amount of specie paid into the treasury between the 1st of January and the 1st of September, 1816?—It struck me at the time I made out, that it would exhibit that amount.

**Qy. 274.**—Having seen that in one month you had received 40,000 dollars instead of 30,000 dollars, as admitted in this statement, does this fact not show it to be incorrect?—I think it shows it is not to be relied upon, but it still, I think, shows the fact of a certain sum having been received.

**Qy. 280.**—It appears that among the vouchers in the treasury on the 19th of November, 1817, you claim credit for a sum of 7,560 dollars due from Captain Dick: explain how that became due?—I submit to the Board a statement marked Y, of all money transactions with Captain Dick, as they appear either on the statement of advances or on the monthly accounts, in order to show that the sum of 7,560 dollars was due from him on the 19th of November, 1817.

**Qy. 290.**—Can you show by the books when the advances in that statement, amounting to 10,960 dollars were made?—The first appears to have been made by order of the Governor on the 25th of March, 1817: with respect to the second, it appears that in May, 1817, Mr. Dick purchased a bill for 2,160 dollars, which sum is stated in the treasury account to have been paid in by him in that month.

**Qy. 291.**—Do you believe that the sum of 2,160 dollars was, or was not, actually paid into the treasury by Captain Dick in that month?—He gave me an engagement to pay it, and it is the sum which Captain Dick eventually paid in February, 1818.

**Qy. 292.**—Are you quite sure of that fact that Captain Dick merely gave you an engagement for that sum, and did not actually pay it in the month of May, 1817?—Yes; the impression on my mind is, that such was the case, as it was the sum which he eventually paid before my leaving the island; and I conceive the engagement to have been given in a similar way to one of Mr. Andrew Dick's.



Qr. 293.—This account for the month of May, 1817, now shown to you, has been completely audited by Mr. Dick, and sworn to by you?—Yes, it has.

Qr. 294.—How, then, consistently with what you have now stated, could you swear to this account in the terms of the attestation at the foot of it?—Because I considered the engagement the same as money.

That is, Hook swore that Dick's money was paid in 1817, because it was engaged to be paid in, and was not!

Qr. 372.—Looking to the collector's returns for the month of February, 1816, you perceive, by the details of those collections for internal revenue, that there must have been many fractional sums received in specie, to a large amount, above the even five dollar notes; can you account for so small a sum having been stated as paid in specie as 20 dollars, 5c.?—The sum paid into the treasury by the collector, must have been only 20 dollars, 5c.

Qr. 373.—Can you explain how so small a sum in specie could have been received by him, or do you know anything about it?—No. I cannot explain it; and I can know nothing about it.

Qr. 374.—Do you know, either officially, or in any other way, how this did occur?—No.

Qr. 375.—Pray do you believe that Sir R. Barclay did pay in the treasury all the specie which he received?—I do not know.

Qr. 376.—Have you a belief one way or the other?—I have not; it appears very odd that the sum should be so small.

Qr. 377.—Did you not on one occasion say, in this room, incidentally, that Sir R. Barclay knew his own interest too well, and was too anxious to make his own fortune, to pay over to you the whole of the specie he received; or made use of words to that effect?—I do not recollect having said so.

Qr. 378.—Do you believe that you ever made use of any such expression, or of words to that effect?—I really do not recollect it.

Qr. 379.—You are requested to state your belief, as to whether you have, or not, used words to that effect?—Upon my recollection, I do not believe that I have said so in this room.

Qr. 380.—At no time, either in this room, or any where else?—I do not recollect having used words to that effect.

Qr. 381.—By this statement, extracted by you from the collector's books, you are chargeable with the sum of 3,894 dollars 23 cents, as received in specie during the year 1816, and with 262 dollars 25½ cents, during the year 1817?—Yes.

Qr. 382.—The preceding questions respecting Sir R. Barclay have been put to you, under the belief that some expressions to the purport stated, have been used by you, concerning the specie received by Sir R. Barclay; do you now distinctly deny, to the best of your recollection, having expressed such an opinion as to Sir R. Barclay; and do you distinctly state, that you have no reason to suppose that Sir R. Barclay did not pay over to the Treasury the whole of the specie he received?—I had rather not answer that question; it appears from the accounts, that it could not have been paid in; I have suggested that the giving change may have diminished the specie. I certainly do not recollect having expressed myself to that effect with respect to Sir R. Barclay; but I am not so clear that some expression of the sort may not have fallen from me, as to deny the fact. I deny the recollection of it, but I do not deny the possibility of the fact.

We have only to add that the whole of the examination of this gentleman is of the same nature. However, we will frankly acknowledge that one great wrong was committed against him—namely, that of sending him out as Treasurer to the Mauritius.

Covent Garden.—We trust that we have at length to congratulate this theatre and the town on the acquirement of an actress of decided genius in the higher walk of tragedy. Thursday evening introduced to a London audience a young lady of the name of Kelly, from the Dublin theatre, in the character of Juliet, whose debut has been singularly impressive and successful. The obligations of Miss Kelly to nature for personal advantages, are

by no means of the first order; her person, for instance, is possibly of the lower middling size, although easy and graceful; and her countenance intelligent, without any of that particular or marked expression, which is usually looked for in tragedy. Possessing, however, little or no superiority in these respects, with a fine voice and excellent articulation, she exhibited the far higher gifts of original conception, vigorous imagination, and exceeding depth of feeling. Miss Kelly had not been on the stage five minutes, before we discovered that her Juliet would be her own. We need not inform our readers how traditionally, if we may so express ourselves, the loose-sick daughter of Capulet, is performed by the generality of young ladies who chuse it for a first appearance. They almost universally make her *act* love rather than feel it; and shew herself any thing but the young and impassioned being, who yields to a first and ineffaceable impression with the whole of her innocent soul. Mr. Hazlitt, in his "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," has admirably put down much cold criticism on the amatory hyperbole in *Romeo and Juliet*. The sudden occupation of her tender and ingenuous mind by an all-engrossing sentiment, in the joyous spring of youth, when the spirit drinks deep, because unreflectingly, and yields to an emotion which it feels delightful, without caring wherefore, is admirably portrayed by Shakspeare, but seldom or ever performed in his *gusto*. Miss Kelly, in the banquet and balcony scenes, seemed to us to feel this truth; and her performance exhibited all the advantage of the conviction. The latter, in particular, exhibited a beautiful picture of the ardent simplicity of youthful passion, now and then making a feminine struggle against a torrent of new and resistless emotion; but rapidly yielding to it with impassioned delight. Miss Kelly was the evident creation of Shakspeare, not the traditional Miss Juliet Capulet of the boarding school, who is in love because she has heard that it is usual for young ladies to be so at least once or twice in their lives. We think we never witnessed a more beautiful specimen of dumb shew than the manner in which Miss Kelly received the most emphatic of the protestations of *Romeo*. It was a motion which depicted maiden modesty overwhelmed with a delightful conviction, and extatically yet tremulously yielding to the vehemence of a passion as predominant as her own;—a display, by the way, which is possibly the *beau ideal* of amatory man, but which he himself scares out of existence by the ungenerous advantage which he is too prone to take of it. We have heard one or two observations, that Miss Kelly was somewhat too *naïve* in this scene; but we entreat her not to listen to the critics who say so; she would only mar her own conceptions, without benefiting by theirs. Mahomet will come to the mountain—no fear of it.

In the succeeding scenes of the Nurse's return, the interview with the Friar, and above all, the parting with *Romeo*, which displayed feeling almost too excessive for its own proper display, we might occasionally differ, in respect to the character of a passage or two; but Miss Kelly displayed so much vigorous originality,—breaking out every now and then in the manner of Keen, with readings and bursts of nature, which were clearly her own, that minor objection was out of the question. This mental courage is very delightful; and when the *mens divinus* exists, almost invariably triumphant. The chamber scene, with the fine passage of fearful imagination, in relation to the waking in the sepulchre, was also very forcibly delivered, as well the revival, when *Romeo* breaks open the tomb. Mr. C. Kemble, we firmly believe, has been the ideal *Romeo*, of half the imaginary *Juliets*, who have attended the theatres, within the last fifteen years or thereabouts; and never did he perform it better than on Thursday night. It is well observed in the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, that he was born to embody romance. We saw in him the Italian Noble of the middle ages, magnificent, chivalric, and impassioned. As a manager—as an actor—as a man, he must have felt the fervor of his *Juliet*; and we have no doubt did so. Be this as it may, we never saw him to more advantage.

This tragedy has been got up with considerable expence; the scenery is beautiful, especially the garden scene. The banquet is also very gay and superb. The *Mercurio* of Jones was

spirited and vivacious, and told; and as to the Nurse of Mrs. Davenport, we know of no other. To conclude, we trust that Covent-garden Theatre has made an acquisition, which will stem the overpowering effect of novelty in its rival. Miss Kelly cannot but be a prize, were she even to disappoint the expectations created by her *Juliet*. We have had too much experience of first appearances, not to be able to distinguish between heartfelt and spontaneous approbation, and the courtesy of friendship, or mere indifference. The plaudits on Thursday night were in all respects heartfelt and unequivocal; and in announcing the tragedy at once for two succeeding representations, the Management evidently felt it so. A first appearance is certainly not absolutely decisive; but it is very indicative; we can imagine Miss Kelly to be somewhat less than we now suppose; but by no effort of imagination can we reduce her to the ranks. This young lady is, we understand, the daughter of Captain Kelly; one of the many gentlemen of the same military rank, now on half-pay. We hear too, that she is one of a numerous family.

On Monday evening we attended the representation of *Jane Shore*, in order to witness Miss Lacey in the heroine, and a Mrs. Jones, we believe, in *Alicia*. We have a profound horror of this play under all circumstances; and cannot see why so tumid and unnatural a piece of fiction should annoy us in our critical avocation at this time of day. The performance of Miss Lacey exhibited evident talent and discrimination; but no ability can do much for such a character. Of the new *Alicia* we wish to say as little as possible; it is a most unfavourable character for a debutante; and we would rather wait a second appearance. The *Hastings* of Mr. C. Kemble is, we believe, well known; and so the *Gloster* of Mr. Yates, whose voice ascended to the gods in thunder, and diffused among the equally noisy deities unspeakable delight. Seriously, Mr. Yates is too indiscriminately loud and ranting, even for the bombast of Rowe, and marred some very respectable conception and acting by this avoidable fault alone. We trust this error will be amended.

Wednesday night restored Mr. Macready to the town, and never was an old favourite more cordially received. *Othello* was the character selected for his re-appearance; and although we consider that there are parts better adapted to this gentleman's powers, yet, taken as a whole, his performance was an admirable and masterly piece of acting, nor do we envy that man either his head or his heart, who could witness it without feeling himself affected by emotions of no common nature. In the earlier scenes of the play he was not indeed so effective as we have sometimes seen him; and the subdued energy with which he delivered the celebrated speech in the council-scene, would doubtless by many, who are partial to "Erele's vein" be accounted too tame. But whatever difference of opinion might prevail here, there could be none as the play proceeded. The gradual progress from fondness to confidence, to unreason and doubt, and from doubt to certainty and the desire of vengeance, were finely portrayed; and the speech in which with all the reluctant wretchedness of conviction he bids farewell for ever to all that had hitherto engaged or delighted him, was given with a fidelity and truth not to be surpassed even by the sudden transition, when, with all the desperation of a drowning man catching at a straw to save himself, he rushes on his insidious deceiver, and insists on receiving absolute proof of the truth of his insinuations. His acting in this scene drew peals of applause from all parts of the house. His first interview with *Desdemona* after the "poison had been poured into his ears," and the momentary relapse into tenderness, when on beholding her he exclaims, "I'll not believe it," was also very finely given; but if we were to particularize any part of the performance as more especially worthy of notice, we should undoubtedly select the last scene. From the first moment when he enters the bed-chamber, to the time when, after having stabbed himself, he falls dead in his attempt to reach the bed on which the body of his murdered wife is laid, all merits unqualified praise. One circumstance, by the bye, is here introduced into the bye-play, or *business*, as it is technically termed, of the part, which though he

gets no warrant for it from any text that we have ever met with, yet is attended with a good effect; and serves to rescue Shakespeare from the absurdity objected to him by Voltaire and others, of letting *Desdemona*, after the suffocation, recover so far as to utter two or three sentences, and then expire—a thing not in *verum naturâ*, as these learned Thebans have it. Mr. Macready, on the contrary, on hearing *Emilia's* alarm at the door while he exclaims, "What not yet dead?—I would not have thee linger," instead of once more cramming the pillow down the throat of his unfortunate victim, has recourse to two blows of a small poniard, the effectual use of which is very incompatible with the temporary resuscitation above mentioned. It may indeed be objected, that *Othello* has previously declared that he will not "scar that whiter skin of hers than snow," but then necessity we know has no law, and a change of resolution at such a time and from such a motive, is really much more excusable, and probable withal, than some other of "his Moorship's actions. With regard to the rest of the performers, it is but fair to say, that Miss Foote's personification of "the gentle *Desdemona*" was by far the best effort we have ever witnessed of that young lady in tragedy. The excellence of Charles Kemble's *Cassio* is too well known to need our mention. It seems no doubt singular to give an account of the performance of *Othello*; and to take no notice of *Iago*; but we have a liking for Yates; in some parts he is a good actor, and therefore *transat eum ceteris*. The house was by no means so full a one as we wished and expected to have seen.—*Examiner*.

*Letter from Valparaiso.*—The following extracts from a letter from Valparaiso, dated 21 October, 1822, with which we have been favored by a friend, will be interesting to our readers. Peru and the other provinces which have lately thrown off the Spanish yoke, are destined, we fear, to be long the scene of civil discord and a prey to anarchy, scarcely more tolerable than slavery itself.

"*Valparaiso, Oct. 2, 1822.*—The intermediaries are blockaded by the Lima Squadron. In consequence of the failure of the Chili crops in February last, the export of grain to Peru has been strictly prohibited, and every kind of eatables in Lima are extravagantly high. Wheat is now selling at 20 dollars the fanega; American flour has been sold at 50 dollars per barrel in cargoes, and a further supply is expected from North America. The Chili harvest will be in February, and a promising supply is expected; but it is the general opinion that it will be insufficient for the supply of Peru, as the vicinity of Lima will be the seat of warfare for the next eight months. The Spanish army still remains near Lima, and an expedition with 2000 men from Bolivar has sailed from Guayaquil to join St. Martin, and act in conjunction against Peru; until the opening of which, the markets for India goods will be limited. At present white piece goods are looking up in Lima, and this place will admit a further supply. There is little doubt but Calcutta Flour in casks would realize, under all circumstances from 16 to 20 dollars per ql.; and Java Rice being of a large grain and white, (similar to the Guayaquil rice) 6 dollars per quintal. There is a large quantity of Sugar in this market, and I do not expect to net more than 12 dollars the quintal for our's. Lima is in a dreadful state from the unprincipled conduct of St. Martin and his government, and the most diabolical and unjust acts towards British Ships have been committed without assigning any reasons nor can any redress be obtained from our Ships of war; therefore there is not at present the least security for British property in Peru.

"The Brig *TRITON* arrived at Coquimbo on the 8th of last month, and report says her cargo is much damaged. A vessel arrived here from Guayaquil, which reports the *HARLESTON* being under expectation of sailing for Calcutta in the course of all this month. The *NEARCHUS* was at Guayaquil also, and is daily expected here to take in her returns for India, when I trust another opportunity will offer for communication.—*India Gazette*.



# MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

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## Flogging in the Army.

### LETTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, ON THE PUNISHMENT OF FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

MY LORD DUKE,

A TRANSACTION has taken place within a few days in the north of England, which ought to have occurred in a ruder age, or in a more barbarous nation. Your Royal Highness is aware, that a soldier of the British Army has been sentenced to receive three hundred lashes for a misdemeanor; that they were inflicted upon him with such merciless severity, "that his back presented the appearance of having been scraped with a knife; that in this shocking and deplorable condition he was shaken from Hull to York in a common cart; that a mortification ensued; and that the consequence was death. Your Royal Highness is also aware, that the truth of this statement is supported, not by the mere hardy assertions of incendiary orations, or factious journalists; but by a judicial investigation before the coroner, and the verdict of a jury.

In addressing your Royal Highness upon the subject, we write with every feeling of respect. You have not been wanting in your duty: although blame must attach itself somewhere, it cannot be fixed upon the conduct of your Royal Highness. On the present, as on all former occasions, you have shewn your active regard for the true interests, and general welfare, of the army; you have proved yourself that Commander-in-Chief, whose merits have been long appreciated and admired by all parties, and by all classes; you have ordered the strictest and most rigorous examination into the whole affair. Let it rest, then, until the circumstances of excuse or palliation, if any such circumstances exist, have been urged by the parties implicated in the transaction.

Nor is it upon any single occurrence, however atrocious, or however lamentable, that we wish to offer our comments. Every fresh incident of the kind must indeed awaken within us the dormant feelings of horror, make the blood boil with indignation in our veins, and act as a powerful stimulus to the honest expression of our sentiments; but it is to the general system of flogging in the army and navy that we would direct our efforts, and the attention of an humane, enlightened, and generous people. We would prevent the possible recurrence of such an event by the total abolition of the practice. For this system, we know, and the impressment of our seamen, are in the eyes of many foreigners not only detrimental to our military and naval service, but two of the darkest stains upon our national character.

We repeat, that it is far from our intention to convey against your Royal Highness the slightest insinuation of reproach. We rather are emboldened to address you in your official capacity, from the manner in which you have confessedly discharged the high, and arduous and responsible duties of your station. If we spoke from what we have seen and known, we should be more disposed to speak the language of flattery, than the language of censure. In common with our fellow-citizens we acknowledge and feel the debt which is due to you from the country. We are sensible, too, that nothing which regards the British army can to your breast be a matter of indifference. Therefore it is, that we venture to break through ordinary forms, and appeal immediately to your Royal Highness upon a subject which must deserve your special consideration; therefore it is, that we dare to hope, if we can establish the propositions, which we are about to lay down, for your encouragement, and even for your co-operation in effecting the alteration which we propose.

We reprobate the principle of flogging on two distinct grounds. We affirm, in the first place, that this method of punishment is execrable in itself, and repugnant to the fundamental maxims of equity and reason; and, in the second place, that, if we consider the point in an historical rather than a philosophical light, we shall find that no case of practical necessity, or practical benefit, can be made out in support of an adherence to the system.

In the first place, then, this method of punishment is repugnant to the fundamental maxims of equity and reason, and therefore execrable in itself. Now, we need not inform your Royal Highness, that all punishment ought to be certain; ought to be attended with as much mercy as is consistent with the ends of justice; ought to conduce to the reformation of the offender; and ought to have a salutary influence upon others by the example. But the punishment of flogging is directly opposed to all and each of these rules; it is uncertain, it is cruel; it must destroy every remaining principle of virtue and honor in the individual who suffers the infliction; and can have no good effect upon the persons who witness it.

First, it is uncertain. This was one of the strongest and most insuperable objections urged against the pillory; because one man might be exposed in it with little inconvenience, while another might be maimed, and lacerated, and even killed in the space of half an hour; because, in fact, the law was not the dispenser of the measure of punish-

ment, but the mob. The same argument is applicable in a very great degree to the case of flogging; it is to be hoped, then, that its use may be eventually attended with the same success in substituting some less objectionable method of legal retribution. But how is it uncertain? in what does the uncertainty consist? If a man is confined for three months upon bread and water in the house of correction, or if he is transported for seven years,—here, surely, the punishment is certain and determinate; where is the difference if a soldier is sentenced to receive three hundred lashes, and actually receives them? We will explain the difference; and would to Heaven the question did not admit of so easy an answer! The punishment of flogging depends not merely upon the number of lashes, but upon the force with which they are inflicted. It depends, in short, upon the drummer, who performs the wretched office of scourging the body of a fellow-creature. Why, so does imprisonment depend in some degree upon the character of the jailer. Give this argument its full force; and to what does it amount? To prove that punishment by imprisonment is uncertain; not that punishment by flogging is certain; to prove that there are two evils to be remedied instead of one. But there is this distinction to be observed: The jailer in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, maintains the same behaviour towards all his prisoners; he knows none of them before they enter the prison, and may see none of them again when they have left it. But the drummer—to say nothing of the probability that he is inexperienced and unskilful in the task which he has to perform—to say nothing of the fact, that the strength of one drummer may be just half, or just double the strength of another—is always, or almost always, well acquainted with the culprit; he has lived with him as a companion; he is his personal friend or his personal enemy. He may fear something from severity, and hope something for forbearance. He either favours him on account of the intimacy between them, or nerves his arm with the terrible force of private hatred and revenge. But the orderly officer and the surgeon are standing by, to adjust the measure of the punishment, and see that the lashes are inflicted with the proper vigour, according to the nature of the offence, and the constitution of the sufferer. At best, then, the measure of the punishment depends upon the temper and passions, and present feelings of the officer and the surgeon of the regiment! And here again appears the uncertainty and inequality of the punishment: that one man will sink and die under the flagellation, which another might bear almost without a groan. But the truth is, that however well the presence of these persons may appear on paper, the restraint, in practice, is often utterly inefficient. The quantum of punishment will rest almost entirely in the hands of the drummer. But it is mere trifling to talk as if the point were doubtful. Let us look for a moment at the instance before us. Did the officers, who ordered the man to be flogged, mean to pass a sentence of death? or did they not? If they did, they are guilty of wilful murder. But they did not. Yet is not the poor fellow dead? Has he not suffered a punishment which it was never intended to inflict? Is this method of punishment, then, or is it not, undeniably, shockingly, fatally uncertain? Will your Royal Highness ask yourself this question? Either it must be answered in the affirmative, or the unfortunate soldier must be restored to life. There is another question, too, which must be asked and answered; is there not in such uncertainty the most horrible injustice?

Secondly, this punishment is cruel. Your Royal Highness is not to be told, that the cruelty of punishment has been invariably diminished in exact proportion as a nation has proceeded towards refinement, and arrived at a higher pitch of civilization. Among a barbarous people the spirit of cruelty and barbarity will of course predominate; but as states become polished and well-ordered, the execution of the laws becomes lenient and humane. The lengthened tortures, the aggravated horrors, and all the dreadful accompaniments which a rude and ferocious policy had devised are gradually abolished; the law, like an offended deity, in the midst of justice remembers mercy. Its dignity and solemnity are increased, although its terrors have been softened. It strikes, but it does not mangle; its blow is swift and sure, but not superfluous in its rigour, or wanton in its severity. It spares all unnecessary pain; it inflicts no torment for the mere purpose of hearing the groans and witnessing the agonies of the malefactor. It acts with a stern, unflinching equity; but has no feelings of malicious vengeance. The law visits the offender with the punishment due to the offence; but cautiously, and reluctantly, and even kindly;—as a father punishes a child for his own good, and the benefit of the rest; it does not take delight in the pangs which it inflicts, as some monstrous tyrant, while he lacerates his victim, exults in the gratification of a diabolical revenge. The spirit of the English law, loses something of its austerity, and becomes more and more merciful with every succeeding generation; this is the natural course of things. But the lash, we repeat, seems the remnant of a more ignorant period, and a more savage people. It bears a frightful resemblance to the rack, the iron boot, the thumb-screw, and the knout. Who should deny the cruelty of the punishment; Cruel;—Good God, let those who have beheld the operation say whether it is cruel. Let your Royal Highness recollect the scene which it presented to the eye. Figure the shocking reality to

yourself, as you read what we have written. See there the British soldier stripped, tied, exposed like a negro beneath the hand of the inhuman and bloody-minded slave-master; see him writhing in anguish at every repeated stroke; see the very flesh shrinking from the lash; see it instantaneously black and swollen, or the blood rushing forth, where the blow falls almost before the instrument of torture is withdrawn. Hear the stifled groan, or the muttered execration. Consider the length of the infliction; consider the mental agony, which is superadded to the physical pain. Imagine, my Lord Duke, the officer urging the inflictor of the scourge to "strike harder," when his arm is relaxed in friendship or in compassion. Imagine the surgeon examining the bare and bleeding back, watching the pulse, convulsed, and changing countenance, and feeling the slow decreasing pulse; that he may allot the measure of punishment with a barbarous exactness, and calculate to a savage nicety the maximum of torment which human infirmity can bear without expiring! The poor wretch is not to die indeed?—but he may be brought within an inch of dying; and then just snatched from the jaws of dissolution, that he may drag on a disgraced and miserable existence, to which death might be a relief! Here we would address ourselves personally to your Royal Highness. You are Commander-in-Chief of the British army; you are a prince of the blood; you are presumptive heir to the throne of England; you are something more; you are a man of acknowledged kindness and humanity; a man, who, if we understand your temper and disposition, could not look without shuddering on such a scene as we have feebly represented. On all these accounts, therefore, we call upon you to exert yourself, to use your influence which must be powerful, and your efforts which must be gratifying to yourself, in the prevention of a practice so full of cruelty, atrocity, oppression, and horror.

Thirdly, this punishment can never tend to the reformation of the offender, but must eradicate every remaining principle of virtue and honour from his breast. Flogging is, in two words, a disgusting and degrading punishment; all corporal punishment is disgusting and degrading. The slightest blow brings with it ignominy and dishonour. Every free-born man has a pride in feeling that his limbs have been not only unshackled, but untouched; in walking a broad with the consciousness that no human being has laid a hand upon him with impunity. What then, on the contrary, must be the reflections of the soldier, after he has been publicly exposed, bound, and almost naked, and flogged in the presence of his officers and his comrades; when he bears the marks of shame and ignominy; when his own person reminds him hourly of his disgrace; when he reflects that among his superiors and equals, the witnesses of his castigation, he must ever be an object of abhorrence, or pity, or contempt. He loses his self-respect; he is debased in his own estimation. His honest pride is gone; his care for his reputation departs, far he is sensible that his reputation cannot be recovered. No longer

He learns to venerate himself as man;

but he hates and despises himself as an abject being, an outcast from society. His punishment has allowed him no time for sober and solitary reflection: it has afforded him no chance, that his offence and its penalty will be in time forgotten; but it has exasperated him to madness; it has darkened his mind, with a sullen and savage gloom; it has filled him with thoughts of vengeance and despair. Like a man who has a brand of infamy stamped upon his forehead, he becomes a villain in self-defence. A villain! ay, why should he not become a villain? What further has he to hope? what further has he to fear? can he be lowered in his own esteem, or in the opinion of his associates? or does he expect to be raised? What motives has he to support him in virtue, or prevent him from yielding to temptation? When a man once feels himself irretrievably self-degraded, and self-debased, must he not be from that moment ruined and worthless and abandoned? What principles of honour will he retain, when he has been once utterly dishonoured? An immediate check is given to all his generous emotions; a sudden revolution takes place in his heart, and his better sentiments are as it were chilled and frozen in an instant; they ebb away, or are absorbed in anger and execration. Why are slaves treacherous, unprincipled, dastardly, and ferocious; but from the ignominious degrading punishments which they constantly receive? Why do vanquished nations always degenerate in character; but because they are necessarily debased as well as bowed down by the yoke of insult and oppression? Communities and individuals, when they see that the very probability of being restored to honour and esteem has vanished, that they must forfeit the benefits of virtue and reputation; must and will grasp at the wretched emoluments which are left them; the miserable advantages which accompany villany and infamy, and renounce a total disregard of all legal and moral restraints. Thus it is scarcely credible or conceivable, that he who has once been publicly flogged, should prove himself in his subsequent conduct a brave soldier or a good citizen, or an honest man. He has endured the worst; he is vile in his own eyes:

*Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,  
Curat repone deterioribus.*

Fourthly, this punishment can have no good effect, if we consider the example. For what are the feelings which are excited in those who witness the disgraceful exhibition? Is there any salutary terror inspired by the operation of the law? No; there is rather an honest indignation, altogether different in its character and its consequences. Although the sufferer may be punished justly; the spectators will consider, not the particular justice, but the general nature, of the punishment. Their sentiments on the occasion are exactly what they ought least to be. The direction of their sympathy is entirely wrong. They feel commiseration for the culprit; abhorrence of the law, and anger against those who put it into execution. The very drummer of the regiment revolts at the painful office which his superiors compel him to perform; he shrinks, as from some thing unworthy of a man, from the task of scourging and lacerating the body of a fellow-creature, and a companion in arms; he is sensible, that he, who inflicts such a punishment, is almost as much degraded, as he who suffers it. While then such emotions are excited by the practice—and they are always excited—they always must be excited—can it possibly conduce to moral reformation, or military virtue? Can the example be supposed, by any perversion of reason, to have a salutary influence upon a free-born British soldier? In some few, perhaps, it may inspire a slavish fear; but in all braver and more generous spirits it can only rouse open indignation and unequivocal disgust.

If our space would allow us, we might here trouble your Royal Highness with a few remarks upon the separation between our civil and martial law, and the despot character of the military code. We might quote the authority of Blackstone; we might observe, with him, "However expedient the most strict regulations may be in time of actual war, yet in times of profound peace, a little relaxation of military rigour would not, one should hope, be productive of much inconvenience." We might observe with him again; "One of the greatest advantages of our English law is, that not only the crimes themselves which it punishes, but also the penalties which it inflicts, are ascertained and notorious; nothing is left to arbitrary discretion; the king, by his judges, dispenses what the law had previously ordained; but is not himself the legislator. How much, therefore, is it to be regretted, that a set of men, whose bravery has so often preserved the liberties of their country, should be reduced to a state of servitude in the midst of a nation of freemen! For Sir Edward Coke will inform us, that it is one of the genuine marks of servitude to have the law, which is our rule of action either concealed or precarious: "*misera est servitus, ubi jus est vagum aut incognitum.*" Nor is this state of servitude quite consistent with the maxims of sound policy observed by other free nations. For the greater the general liberty is which any free state enjoys, the more cautious has it usually been in introducing slavery in any particular order or profession." But we cannot enter at present upon this wide range of investigation; we must confine ourselves entirely to the case before us.

Our first proposition, we think, is now established; viz., that the system of flogging, as a method of military punishment, is execrable in itself, and repugnant to the fundamental maxims of equity and reason. We proceed then to the second point, that no case of practical necessity, or even practical benefit, can be made out in support of an adherence to the system. Upon this proposition we appeal wit'out fear to history and experience, and the practical knowledge of military men.

The *onus* of proof, it is sufficiently evident, lies with the advocates of the lash. The *prima facie* case is entirely against them. According to the general principles of reasoning the practice is clearly indefensible. At first sight the punishment appears destructive of the courage of a soldier, and degrading to the feelings of a man. The eye turns with loathing from the sight; and the mind recoils with horror from the recollection. The champions of flogging, therefore, must demonstrate that the practice is indispensable in our military and naval service; that the discipline of a regiment cannot be adequately maintained without its continuance. They must prove, that in those armies, or divisions of armies, where this system is most rigorously adhered to, there is the greatest share of bravery and the highest degree of order and good conduct.

But how stand the facts? We could produce instances in the English army, where there has been the worst discipline in the very regiments where there has been the most flogging. But here, it may be said, we have mistaken cause and effect. There was the most flogging because there was the worst discipline, not the worst discipline, because there was the most flogging. Suppose it to have been so in the first instance; suppose a regiment to have been formed from an idle and disorderly set of rogues and vagabonds; will all their bad habits be expelled, and better qualities be instilled into them in their stead, by the application of the lash? Absolute riot and drunkenness and theft may, perhaps, be checked and diminished by such means; but it must be a far other course of treatment, which can draw forth the latent sparks of virtue, which can bring to light the true feelings which should characterize and distinguish the warlike defenders of Great Britain; a proud sense of honour, a generous spirit of emulation, and the noble union of humanity with courage,



In short, this degrading and terrible severity can produce at the very best only negative good effects; it can only contribute to the lowest and most common merits of the soldier. A system of terror may prevent a man from running away in battle; but it is encouragement, or the hope of reward, which can alone inspire feats of active heroism, and the cheerful endurance of fatigue and danger. Thus, too, the fear of the lash may sometimes restrain a man in his career of rape and plunder; but here its utility must stop. Yet a good soldier must have some positive qualifications; these the practice and the dread of flogging can never give. A good soldier must be something more than not a liar, not a drunkard, not a thief. In soldiers, above all men, the sense of honour must be never lost, never impaired. But the system of flogging has a certain tendency to impair and to destroy it.

In addressing your Royal Highness we have purposely refrained from that indulgence in declamation which the subject might invite.

Our statement, we trust, has been plain and calm and temperate; with little to mislead, and nothing to inflame. But our whole argument, we may be told, is a mere idle theory, which an accurate investigation of real facts immediately overturns. We may be told, that the slightest glance at the events of the last war must convince ourselves that it is erroneous. We may be told to look at the character and the achievements of the British army; to observe of what elements it is composed, and what deeds it has performed. We may be asked, if the British soldiers in the Peninsula and at Waterloo have displayed no bravery, no honour, no humanity, no heroism; if they have proved themselves to possess the more negative merits of servile obedience and tolerable discipline. To all this we answer, that it is nothing to the purpose. God forbid, that we should underrate the courage, or depreciate the glories, of our gallant countrymen! But we say, that they have retained their noble and characteristic qualities, not with the assistance of the lash, but in spite of it. They have carried into the army, and kept in the army, the high and honourable feelings which they derive from their fathers, and imbibe from the freedom of the constitution with the very air they breathe. What wonder is it, that an Englishman should be valiant, on humane? Is the circumstance so surprising, that we must look for the cause in a cruel and unmanly and beastly punishment? Away with the absurd and degrading supposition! The acknowledged character of the British army is in itself a conclusive argument, that the infliction of the lash is not to be defended on the ground of necessity or of utility. In justice to that character the practice ought for ever to be abolished. We appeal to the British officers, when we assert that instead of producing any salutary effects, the fact of having been flogged, and the fear of being flogged, has led to treachery in some instances, and to desertion in many.

But the abolition of the practice, it may be urged, would be attended with much inconvenience and much danger. Let us turn, then, from our own, to foreign services. We will content ourselves with instancing the French service. In the French service the punishment of flogging has been abolished without danger and without inconvenience. On the contrary, the change has been accompanied with undeniable and manifest advantages in every point of view. We should be glad of a direct answer to a few simple questions: Are not the French excellent soldiers? As far as military qualities are concerned, are there better soldiers in the world? Would they be improved by a recurrence to the lash, as the ordinary mode of punishment? We are well convinced, that the morale of any army would be improved by the discontinuance of flogging; but it is quite sufficient for our argument, that it is not deteriorated. Our opponents have to prove, both that there is a necessity for the system; and that its use confers a real and evident superiority on the service, which employs it.

If we turn from the practice of nations to the opinion of individuals, we have at once that of Buonaparte in our favour—certainly no incompetent judge in military matters. Napoleon was not only a great general, but a man of most acute and comprehensive mind: he was no dreaming theorist, no speculative philanthropist; nor had he in his nature so much of the milk of human kindness as would stop him from using the shortest and most effectual means to preserve discipline among his troops. Napoleon was averse to terror and the lash, not from humanity, but policy; not from a tender regard for his soldiers, but from a knowledge of their feelings and dispositions; and a conviction that he best consulted his own interests, as a commander and a monarch, by setting on another system. We shall quote his words from the late publication of Mr. O'Meara without scruple, as there is no probability that his sentiments upon such a point have been misrepresented or exaggerated. He says in one place, "I had a conversation with Bingham about it; and although he is of a different opinion, I would alter your system. Instead of the lash, I would lead them by the stimulus of honour." And afterwards: "Bingham says, however, that the greatest part of your soldiers are brutes, and must be driven by the stick. But surely, continued he, the English soldiers must be possessed of sentiments sufficient to put them at least on a level with the soldiers of other nations, where the degrading system of

the lash is not used. Whatever debates man cannot be serviceable, Bingham says, that none but the dregs of the *cavaillie* voluntarily enter as soldiers. This disgraceful punishment is the cause of it. I would remove it, and make even the situation of a private soldier be considered as conferring honour upon the individual who bore it. I would act as I did in France. I would encourage young men of education, the sons of merchants, gentlemen, and others, to enter as private soldiers, and promote them according to their merits. I would substitute confinement, bread and water, the contempt of his comrades (*le mépris de ses camarades*) and such other punishments for the lash. *Quando il soldato è avvilito e disonorato colle fruste poco gli preme la gloria o l'onore della sua patria.* When a soldier has been debased and dishonoured by stripes, he cares but little for the glory or the honour of his country. What honour can a man possibly have who is flogged before his comrades? He loses all feeling, and would as soon fight against us for his country, if he were better paid by the opposite party. When the Austrians had possession of Italy, they in vain attempted to make soldiers of the Italians. They either deserted as fast as they raised them; or else, when compelled to advance against an enemy, they ran away on the first fire. It was impossible to keep together a single regiment. When I got Italy, and began to raise soldiers, the Austrians laughed at me, and said that it was in vain; that they had been trying for a long time, and that it was not in the nature of the Italians to fight, or to make good soldiers. Notwithstanding this, I raised many thousands of Italians, who fought with a bravery equal to the French, and did not desert me even in my adversity. What was the cause? I abolished flogging and the stick, which the Austrians had adopted. I promoted those amongst the soldiers who had talents, and made many of them generals. I substituted honour and emulation for terror and the lash."

We are aware that one plausible objection may be here raised to the discontinuance of flogging in the British service. In our army and navy, it may be said, where a common soldier can only hope to rise to the rank of sergeant, and a common sailor can be little better than a common sailor for life, "honour and emulation," are altogether insufficient for the maintenance of discipline; and recourse must still be had to a more severe and summary method of proceeding. We answer, that a worse libel on the service than such argument can hardly be imagined; and that it is an objection infinitely more formidable to the existence of the system than to the demise of the lash. The immediate retort will be, it is better to make a sweeping alteration, than adhere to a system, of which the infamous and debasing punishment of flogging is a necessary concomitant. But we must stop—we are on tender ground.

The truth, however, is, that even as things are, this ignominious practice is unnecessary. What then? are severe punishments to be wholly done away? Must there be nothing to correct the offender, and strike a salutary apprehension into his companions? Can honour and emulation and the sense of shame have the requisite degree of force and efficacy among men, taken from the lowest ranks of life; in whom strict principles, delicate feelings, and regular habits, are neither to be found nor expected? No; and they can have no force at all, while the flogging system is continued. But we would have punishment—and severe punishments. There might be substituted for the lash, as Buonaparte said, dark and solitary confinement—diet on bread and water—stoppage of pay—and many other penalties; which would work upon the mind, without breaking the spirit; and have at least as powerful and as useful an influence, as servile and degrading fear, or the spectacle of a fellow-soldier, stripped, exposed, scarified, bleeding and writhing in the torments of bodily pain. By these means, we believe, the discipline of the army would be improved; we are sure the character of the soldiers would be raised.

In whatever view, then, the subject is regarded, whether by the light of philosophy, or of experience, whether with reference to the immutable principles of abstract reason, or to the history of man, and the customs of other nations, the practice of flogging must be equally lamented, must be equally reprobated; it calls loudly, not merely for censure, but for abolition. We shall add a very few words by way of conclusion. The exalted station of your Royal Highness has, like every thing on earth, some inconveniences inseparably connected with its advantages. It prevents you from being accurately informed of the feelings and wishes of those beneath you. We, on the contrary, have made it our business, as it is our duty, to mix ourselves with all ranks of people, to penetrate their sentiments, and acquaint ourselves with their hopes. We can tell your Royal Highness, that the general opinion is decidedly hostile to the continuance of flogging, as a military punishment. We can tell you, that the recent occurrence has made but one impression on the public mind—the impression of indignation against the system, and compassion for the sufferer. We can tell you, that if we made an appeal to the passions, instead of the understanding of the nation; if we were as anxious to excite commotion, as we are in reality desirous to preserve order; we could create a sensation on this subject, which could not be allayed, certainly not without trouble, and perhaps, not without change. The people already talk with Mr. Brougham

of "a military degraded by the lash." They already look upon the practice as the "ultimum supplicium"—the worst and most debasing of all punishment—as like unprofitable, inhuman, and unjust. Now are the sentiments of the army in contradiction to the feelings of the nation. There are a few—strict disciplinarians as they call themselves—who are averse to every shadow of alternation or innovation—who can fancy no method of correction or persuasion but the stick—who will laugh at what they choose to designate the affectation of tenderness, and the cant about cruelty and degradation—who consider the common soldier as a brute, and would treat him as a brute. But it is absurd to reason with such men. Our consolation must be, that they are not immortal. Another generation will be wiser; because not stultified by such insane and pernicious prejudices. At the present moment, too, the champions of the lash are a small and decreasing party. The Majority of British Officers would hail with pleasure, even now, the introduction of a milder system. In the name, then, of justice, in the name of humanity, in the name of the British Nation, and the British Army, we once more call upon your Royal Highness to give your earnest attention to the practice which we deprecate. The universal feeling is in favour of a change; and no better time can be selected for it than a period of profound peace. You have not, it is true, an arbitrary discretion in the matter;—you cannot decree by a word, the total abolition of corporal punishment—but your influence can do much towards accomplishing an object, which it must hereafter be a source of pride and gratification to have accomplished. Your Royal Highness will thus evince, even more than you have already done, your zeal for the interests of the army; by proving the sincerity of your regard for the comfort and the feelings of the meanest individual in its ranks. The soldier will recognise in you, not merely his most dignified commander, but his firmest friend. You will increase the popularity, which you now so deservedly enjoy, and add one more to your claims upon the gratitude of the nation.—We remain, my Lord Duke, with sentiments of profound respect, your Royal Highness's most obedient and most devoted servants,

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

### The British Baby.

"Rank Corruption, mining all within," may be said to pervade every department of the British Government. It equally sacrifices the nation's honour abroad, and its prosperity at home. For its shameful sake, an infamous connection has been formed with naked despotisms; and in order to put down the example of Reform, England has been in some cases the active participator, in others the base silent spectator, of the grossest violations of national independence and the rights of man. At home, we see in every direction the public interest made wholly subservient to the aggrandisement or enriching of the selfish few, and the rolling of the wheels of the vile system. Corruption is the idol Juggernaut of British misrule, under whose car the various interests of the community are successively crushed. The enormous Church patronage, the choice of the magistracy, the selection for the Bench, are made as systematically the means of increasing the number of Oligarchical adherents, as the disposal of civil employments in the government offices. We all know what a favourite profession the Army is among the aristocracy, what sums are expended in rearing "gentlemen cadets" at military colleges, and how many thousands of younger sons and brothers belonging to "noble families" are dressed in a red coat, in order to quarter them upon the public purse for life. We know also how very staunch and unanimous these army officers are in support of "things as they are," and with what rigour—vide Sir ROBERT WILSON's case—any sign of having an opinion or liking different from that of the constituted authorities, is visited on the delinquent. Yet perhaps none of these abuses are so calculated to outrage the feelings and wound the just pride of Englishmen, as the undermining the strength and character of the Navy by corrupt influence in the promotion of officers. It is at the same time true, that the Navy, speaking comprehensively, is shamefully neglected, though it has been the instrument of nearly all the glory and prosperity that Britain ever earned; while the Army, a species of force rendered needless by our insular situation and maintained in defiance of the Constitution, is cherished at a ruinous annual cost; for no better reason than that

The Prince is all for the land service,  
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

But though the Navy, that is to say, those brave seamen and deserving officers of humble families, who have given it its strength and character, are disgusted and alienated by neglect, the means of securing Borough influence, by making the most of naval appointments, are managed with assiduous care. Nor does any common-place notion of preserving a proportion of numbers between the officers and the seamen, place any limit to the exercise of the Admiralty patronage. Time was, when—the naval command being full—a man who desired a commission would have waited till there was some chance of employing him. But our

Boroughmongers "have changed all that;" and now, the being made a captain and having a ship to command, are two distinct stages of promotion, the latter being by no means a necessary consequence of the former. Since therefore it has been found out, that officers without either ships or men are notwithstanding very efficient for their masters' purposes, we may expect in time, that the numbers of the commanders will exceed those of the commanded; and indeed we should be greatly disposed to admire both the candour and economy of the naval authorities, if they would at once dispense with the larger number of those useless things called ships and seamen, seeing that the admirals and captains would work for their hire even more effectually on shore than at sea. This is a consummation to which, it would appear from the following table, we are fast approaching:—

A Table shewing that the supposed inutilty of Officers without Men, is an exploded error.

Years.	Seamen voted by Parliament.	Admirals of all classes.	Post Captains.	Commanders.	Lieutenants.	Total.
1794..	72,885	55	276	167	1,382	1,901
1812..	113,600	180	798	595	3,227	4,700
1819..	14,000	176	865	751	3,911	5,733
1822..	14,000	201	810	817	3,738	5,566

This, it is to be observed, includes both officers on half-pay and those retired. The reader will not fail to notice too, how much more necessary the superior are than the inferior officers, to the prosperity of this country and the safety of our matchless Constitution. Thus the proportion in the increase of the admirals, far exceeds that in any other rank; and the vulgar idea, that an admiral's business to command a fleet, is satisfactorily refuted by the fact, that 25 were added to the number of the worthy servants of his Majesty between 1819 and 1822, a period of profound and general peace.

The public have heard a great deal lately of the piracies committed on merchant vessel upon the high seas, some of the details of which equal the greatest horrors in the annals of the buccannery. The British merchants, it seems, have been by much the greatest sufferers in this way, for the French and Americans turn their little navies to good account, and keep up a hot pursuit of the barbarous marauders in every quarter. Now if any thing were wanted to prove the value of the saving suggestion we have made above, these piracies would supply it. At the very time that the papers are detailing the capture of British ships, the alarm of the merchants, and enormous increase in the cost of insurance, an official list appears in the COURIER of the present force of the Navy of England, which we cannot resist the temptation to copy. The following then is the summary of maritime forces of the country, whose merchants suffer so extremely from the want of the protection of a few ships of war:—

Ships of 126 guns, 6	Ships of 76 guns, 3	Ships of 38 guns, 1
Ships of 112 guns, 1	Ships of 74 guns, 85	Ships of 36 guns, 1
Ships of 110 guns, 1	Ships of 64 guns, 10	Ships of 34 guns, 1
Ships of 108 guns, 1	Ships of 60 guns, 7	Ships of 32 guns, 8
Ships of 106 guns, 2	Ships of 58 guns, 5	Other Vessels of 203
Ships of 104 guns, 6	Ships of 56 guns, 1	30, 28, 20, 18
Ships of 98 guns, 4	Ships of 50 guns, 3	guns, &c. ....
Ships of 84 guns, 3	Ships of 48 guns, 2	Yachts, Schooners, Bombs, &c. ....
Ships of 82 guns, 1	Ships of 46 guns, 44	
Ships of 80 guns, 7	Ships of 44 guns, 4	
Ships of 78 guns, 5	Ships of 42 guns, 31	
		Total 525

How natural and proper does it appear, after reading this list, that Mr. Secretary Croker and My Lords should assume very lofty airs and think themselves grievously insulted, when the Merchants of London grow so impatient as to complain of the want of a few cruisers in the West Indies to protect their trade?

**Oriental Literature.**—A Morning Paper justly remarks, in allusion to some late riots among the students at the East India College near Hertford, that "that there is no necessary connexion between oriental literature and tumult, as Dr. Gilchrist has satisfactorily proved; for with the 800 students who have enjoyed in this country the gratuitous lectures of Dr. Gilchrist, that gentleman has never even exchanged so much as an angry word. To the proficiency of his pupils, the most ample testimony has again and again been borne from India, while the whole expence for attending as many courses as they like, is for the purchase of his class books, amounting to from five to ten pounds. There is no want of a separate College for the youths who go to India. Dr. Gilchrist would engage to have in the course of two years good Oriental teachers at each of the seven Universities of the United Kingdom, or in the principal cities, able to qualify boys to stand a fair trial in this metropolis on the two most essential tongues of the East."



## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### Great Picture of the Coronation of Napoleon.

This Painting, so interesting for its subject, and the manner in which it is treated, is not the original one which was executed by Mr. DAVID, at the express command of BONAPARTE. It is a repetition, by the same master of that first work which has been destroyed by the political Vandals of France, who make war upon the arts with the same dark zeal which distinguishes their persecution of every thing opposed to the cause of ignorance and superstition. The present work has been finished by the Artist in his exile at Brussels, where it was his intention to have exhibited it; but the influence of the French Court was successfully exerted with the Authorities of that place to forbid its exposition! Such is the alarm with which despotic power without talents views the respect which men pay to even the memory of superior intellect; and thus does the present Government of France dread that the Coronation of Napoleon should be commemorated by the Arts which he patronised, as if the fame of that great man were to be obliterated by petty malice from the immortal annals of the world. The moment which the Artist has chosen for representation is that in which the EMPEROR, after having taken the Imperial Crown from the altar and placed it upon his own head, raises the Crown of France in both his hands over the head of the Empress JOSEPHINE, on whose brows he is about to place it as she kneels before the altar, while the Pope, seated in the midst of the Dignitaries of the Church, and surrounded by Foreign Ministers and great officers of the empire, pronounces his benediction. We are aware that scenes of formal magnificence and theatric arrangement are not in general the most favourable topics for the exercise of the higher qualities of the Painter and the Poet. They want that living action—that genuine excitement which subjects of real historical interest afford to descriptive talent. It is because they do not often expand the heart or exalt the imagination that they are so frequently commemorated by the mechanism of art rather than the inspiration of genius. But the Coronation of NAPOLEON was not like the ordinary "nomp and circum-stance," which surround the accession of vulgar Kings; an event in which a hero is gifted and so magnificent was the principal actor; an event, too, which shook to its foundation the ancient system of Royalty by substituting merit and industry for barren pride and hereditary imbecility, might well call forth the energies of genius to describe it. Such a scene had a presiding mind of that high and original cast, which connected the externals of power with intellectual supremacy—a spirit which stood an object of extreme alarm or devoted affection with many and of intense interest to all. The pageantry that surrounded him was sunk in the memory of his achievements, or in the anticipation of his future exploits. To paint the coronation of such a monarch was a task worthy of a great artist; and M. DAVID has proved himself equal to it. He has presented us with a court in which all the splendor of beauty, the pomp of elevated rank and venerable office, and the magnificence of imperial insignia, are outshone by the moral interest of the scene. The eye is first fascinated by the attitude and expression of NAPOLEON, full of simple majesty and instinctive heroism; his countenance is totally devoid of affected sternness, while it has the stamp of command—of deep internal activity, and inflexible resolution. His deportment at once indicates the master-spirit of the piece, the energy of whose intellect has created the scene around him, nor does the splendor of his coronation robes seem to enhance the natural sovereignty of his manner. In JOSEPHINE there is a character of much grace, benignity and intelligence, but she is painted rather too young; an error on the side of gallantry which may well be excused. The portrait of the POPE is executed with most exact and interesting fidelity. He has a venerable and rather a benignant expression, with which the insolent dogmatism of Cardinal CAPRARA's look is strongly contrasted.—One of most attractive figures in the piece is Madame LAVALETTE, so celebrated and so unfortunate; she appears to be a woman of the finest order of delicate beauty, with an expression of such purity and elevated goodness, as makes her at once an object of admiration and esteem. One of BONAPARTE's sisters (Madame MURAT) has, with a different character of beauty, a countenance no less interesting. Her profile is almost a perfect resemblance of the EMPEROR's with a more feminine expression, while the countenances of JOSEPH and LEWIS BONAPARTE, who stand near, are weak and insiduous in comparison.—The mother of BONAPARTE, and others of his relatives, are introduced, and their dignity sits as well upon them, as if their royalty were of an older date; among the warriors are some very characteristic heads. The best historical head in the piece, however, is that of the Greek Patriarch, and the worst is that of TALLEYRAND, whose expression is a compound of conceit, selfishness, and duplicity. The grouping of the painting is judicious and unaffected, the action of the several figures easy and appropriate, the deportment of the chief actors unconstrained, and the whole design comprehensive and well arranged. The colouring is clear, harmonious, and for the most part mellow, no meretricious tricks of the pencil are introduced. The richness of the drapery, and the profusion of costly ornaments, are properly subdued, and do not distract the attention, by mechanical artifice, from the higher objects of delineation. The light is very judiciously thrown, especially on the

principal group, and the shadows are airy and transparent. It is to be regretted that the room is not deep enough to enable the spectator to see the effect of this splendid painting to the highest advantage, of which so grand a specimen of art is capable.

### Times Newspaper.

#### THE TIMES, THE DUKE DE BLACAS, AND MR. O'MEARA.

The TIMES of Tuesday published a Correspondence between Mr. John Walter, one of its proprietors, and the French Duc de Blacas, which respected a passage in Mr. O'Meara's book. Mr. Walter applied to the Duke to declare publicly, that the Duke had never bribed the TIMES to support the Bourbons. The Duke replies, that "nothing was ever given or offered to you" (Mr. Walter) "by my intervention." On this correspondence, Mr. O'Meara remarks as follows in the CHRONICLE:—

"In order that the public may judge properly of this occurrence, I quote from my book the passage in which it originated:—

"In 1814, the Editor of The \* \* \* \* newspaper was paid about three thousand pounds of your money, besides having a great number of copies taken. I told you before that I found his receipt among Blacas' papers, on my return from Elba. I do not know if he is in their pay now."

Immediately upon the perusal of this passage, Mr. John Walter declared that the TIMES and the TIMES alone, was the Journal meant although there were other Journals in London, to the letters of the names of which the asterisks would apply, even had I distinguished names in my book by numerical asterisks, which I have not done. What was the reason let me ask, if Mr. John Walter's "withers were unwrung," that he immediately appropriated to his paper the guilt of the imputation? Why did he alone of all the crowd of Editors in London, exclaim at once, "Thou canst not say 'twas I that did it." If he does not answer this question, what are we to think? Of all the guests at Macbeth's table, none but the assassin beholds the murdered Banquo. Mr. John Walter applying to himself this accusation, added to my name an epithet which, though he had the malignity to propagate, he had not the courage to defend. A Parthian libeller, he flung his poisoned arrow, it is true, but then he did so in the retreat. From that hour to this, my most minute inquiries have failed in discovering Mr. John Walter. Covered, however, as he finds himself to be, with what his own consciousness in the first instance attached to him, he now applies to M. Blacas, to declare that the one did not give, or the other receive the wages of corruption. Now let us for a moment take John Walter at his word, and suppose that the TIMES was the Journal meant, what man upon earth can imagine that old Blacas would return any other answer to Mr. Walter's application? "Did you bribe me?" is the question. "I did not, upon my honour," is most assuredly the reply, which every briber in the world would make to the bribee. But let us see what the grand denial to M. Blacas came to. "Nothing (says he) was ever given or offered to you by my intervention." Very possible, and still it is very possible that the receipt of the Editor of the guilty journal (be it what journal it may) might still have been found in Blacas' office. Blacas does not say the TIMES never was paid any money by the Bourbons, to his knowledge, but that he never gave JOHN WALTER any. Blacas might not have been the hand that acknowledged it, and still the TIMES might have been a paid journal, and indeed, Blacas himself, not even asserting that the TIMES was not paid, is what most men would call in the case, a negative pregnant. No man in London knows better than John Walter to what a deplorable state fright may reduce a man, and if he wishes to do Blacas a real kindness, I would recommend him to send him over an accurate model of his present residence, the finest contrivance ever invented in case of danger. A kind of rabbit habitation, with no less than three entrances, so that when even a sound is heard at the one, the poor little animal can pop out at the other. In order, however that M. Blacas may know that I am in possession of even more information from Napoleon than the world has yet had, I just beg to ask him—Does he know of any person having been sent to Elba in 1814; if so, upon what mission, and who sent, and who paid them? M. Blacas will understand me; and when he answers those interrogatories, which no doubt he will do, he may hear again from me.

*Foreign Princess.*—A young foreign Princess, who took a lively interest in the fate of a French officer made prisoner during the Russian campaign, has bequeathed to him a part of her fortune, which is considerable. It is added, that at her death she expressed much regret at not having been able to give her hand to him who possessed her heart.

—Paris Paper.

**Counsel Taking Briefs on Both Sides.**

COURT OF CHANCERY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1822.

William Lloyd filed a Petition praying, that the Lord Chancellor would restrain Mr. Montagu the Barrister from further appearing on behalf of Glover, a bankrupt. The Petitioner stated, that he had originally applied to Mr. Montagu for an opinion as to his claim of debt in this case; that Mr. Montagu had given his opinion, had afterwards received briefs and attended 12 different meetings on behalf of the petitioner. On the 20th of February, however, a retainer was given to Mr. Montagu on behalf of the bankrupt, next day a brief was left with him on the same side, and on the 22d he attended a private meeting of creditors on behalf of the bankrupt. The Petitioner, after the great expenses he had been put to, had not thought it necessary (not considering the meeting of the 22d February one of great importance) to give Mr. Montagu a brief specially to attend that meeting, but he certainly would have done so, had he had the least idea that Mr. Montagu could be retained on the other side.—Mr. HORNE stated the Petitioner's case, and urged, that at the time Mr. Montagu received a brief from the bankrupt, he could not know that one would not come to him from the party who had all long employed him.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL replied for Mr. Montagu, and afterwards Mr. MONTAGU replied for himself. The former complained of this attempt to injure Mr. Montagu's character. The subject of retainers, the Learned Gentleman said, was one of the most painful that could present itself. In the present case, Mr. Montagu was bound to adhere to the plaintiff's cause only so long as he received a brief from him; and it was clear that it was not his intention on this occasion to have delivered him one; he did not attempt to say it was; therefore from this time he dispensed with his services, and his Learned Friend was, in his opinion, perfectly justified in accepting the general retainer to attend a private meeting in support of the bankrupt, where it was uncertain whether Mr. Lloyd's interest would be at all affected.—Mr. MONTAGU spoke with considerable heat in defence of his conduct, and enlarged on the obligation counsel were under to accept of every brief offered to them, provided they were not specially engaged on the other side.

The LORD CHANCELLOR dismissed the Petition, considering Mr. Montagu's conduct altogether correct. The extent to which retainers were at one time given to prevent the powerful man's adversary from having the benefit of the knowledge and talent of able men, made it necessary to adopt the present practice, which is, that the mere giving an opinion is not a retainer.

**Jury Court, Enverary.**

At a Meeting of the Presbytery of Mull, held at Aross, on the 21st March, 1821, the Rev. Alexander Fraser, Minister of Torosay, stated, and entered upon the Record of the Presbytery,—“That it came to his knowledge that a most gross violation of the Sabbath had been committed by one of the parishioners of Kilfinichen, residing in the Ross district of it,” whereupon “the Presbytery, anxious for the sanctification of that holy day, and most desirous to suppress whatever appears to them to have a tendency to violate it, appoint Mr. Fraser to write to Mr. Donald Campbell, Assistant Minister of the parish, to examine into the same, and to report to the ensuing Presbytery.” Mr. Fraser also mentioned, that Captain Hector M'Lean, of the regiment, was the person to whom he alluded, and the Reverend Gentleman explained, that the alleged violation of the Sabbath consisted in Captain M'Lean having, on his return from church, changed his dress, taken his fishing rod, and amused himself by killing several fish.

This accusation had not come to Captain M'Lean's ears till the month of July thereafter, at the moment he was about to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Immediately after the service, in which he participated, he entered upon the subject with the Clergymen and Elders, who were convinced of the utter falsehood of the accusation and he then stated his wish, that the Reverend Gentleman, who, though not Minister of the parish in which Captain M'Lean resided, had thought it is his duty to bring forward the charge, now so widely circulated, should make the contradiction and knowledge of its falsehood equally public, and that the matter should be thus terminated.

Mr. Fraser, however, declined doing so, on the plea that he had merely acted in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty. A similar proposal, accompanied by a polinode, which it was required Mr. Fraser should subscribe, was afterwards made to Mr. Fraser by Captain M'Lean's agent, but which met with a similar reception.

In these circumstances, Captain M'Lean, anxious for the vindication of his character, brought an action of damages against Mr. Fraser.

The Jury returned the following verdict:—“Find on the first issue, that the defender did erroneously say and allege that the pursuer had been guilty of a gross violation of the Sabbath, by having, after coming out of Church on Sunday recently before the 21st day of March, 1821, taken his fishing rod, or other implements for killing fish, and gone to take fish

and had been employed in fishing during part of that day, or did use and utter words to that effect, to the injury and damage of the pursuer; and assess the damages at 1s.; and find for the defender on the second issue.”

Counsel for the pursuer, Duncan M'Neill, Esq.; D. M'Lean, W. S. agent. Counsel for the defender, Robert Whigham, Esq.; John Murray, W. S. agent.

**Sir Robert Mends.**

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir,

I perceive by your paper a long controversy respecting the naval merits of Sir Robert Mends, and some unhandsome allusions by yourself about the cause of his appointment, which are very little to the purpose. I am sorry I cannot answer all the questions put by “Veritas.” What I know on the subject is, that Commodore Mends commanded a division of frigates about Cape Ortegal in 1808, when the late Emperor Napoleon began the invasion of Spain—that he was a party in the establishment of the Junta of Galicia, and supported it in its difficulties—that several French *coups de main* against Ferrol, Coruana, and Asturias, were frustrated through his intervention, and that the first Envoys sent to this country from Asturias were encouraged by him, and afterwards brought about the alliance with this country, which lasted until the overthrow of the French.

The Spanish Government testified their gratitude to the Commodore, and would have invested him with the Spanish Order of Charles III., had not the requisite of an oath been incompatible with the religious opinions of the Commodore; but at the expressions of gratitude testified by the Spanish Government for those services to the British Government, Commodore Mends was knighted.

The Installation of the Junta of Galicia, and the name of Commodore Mends, will remain for ever in the memory of those that were witnesses to that time of trouble. By your inserting this, you will oblige.

A SPANIARD AND CONSTANT READER.

**Tory Landlords.**—The BUCKS CHRONICLE, after reminding the public of the pompous declarations of the Duke of Buckingham to his tenants about their “standing or falling together,” and promising an immediate reduction of 20 per cent. and a final arrangement of rent “according to the times,”—proceeds to give a practical comment on these high-sounding professions, in the following narrative:—Mr. William Smith, a tenant of the Duke's, at Ashendon, was incapable of meeting the Michaelmas audit. His rent, disproportionate for many years, had at last utterly ruined him, and he was unable to find another shilling for his landlord. His landlord, with his mouth full of mercy and kindness, issued orders—not for a remission of arrears—not for a “final arrangement of rent”—not for an extension of time—not for a fulfilment of his own promises, and his tenant's excited hopes, but for an execution, properly called a distress, upon the unfortunate tenant's property; and on the 23d and 24th of October, a sale took place. The day before the seizure, the Duke's agents were informed, that Mr. Smith had assigned over his property for the benefit of his creditors, and the most ample security was offered to guarantee the landlord's rent;—but in vain! The law took its course. To complete the instructive history, one Parrott, the Steward of his Grace, attended the sale, and bought up a large quantity of hay, at 1 pound per ton (although even in these hard times it is worth 45s.) first giving notice, in order to exclude competition, that the hay could not be taken off the premises, and that the purchasers would not be allowed to consume it on the premises. Thus the hay sold for 125l. less, at a low valuation, than its actual value, which the creditors of course lost. One thing only remains to be told—the distress was made for the full rent; and the 20 per cent. of which his Grace boasted and his Grace's friends still boast so much, was also distrained for. Mr. Smith, his father, and his grandfather, have occupied this farm successively for many years, and never offended his Grace in their lives.—Surely, cases like these are sufficient to cure farmers of the unpardonable weakness of continuing to hold farms at monstrous rents, till every shilling of their capital is gone, their property is insufficient to discharge their debts, and themselves, their wives and children, are consigned to a prison or the poor-house.

**Catholic Claims.**—The following quotation, says a Correspondent, from the speech of the late Emperor Napoleon, addressed to the Consistory of the Protestant Church of France on the 9th August, 1807, may be pleasing to such of your readers as know the difference between *all Irish and German dowds*:—“I accept the blessing and the congratulation of the consistory. You owe me no obligation; I wish not men to think themselves indebted to me, because I have been merely just. Conscience is not within the jurisdiction of human laws. I guarantee to you for myself and my successors, not only the intendant, but also the perfect freedom and inviolability of your worship. The Protestants have always proved themselves to be good citizens, and faithful subjects of the law. Though I do not profess their religion, tell them I place them in the circle of my best friends”—J. S.



Newspaper Chat.

*Lady of Japan.*—The Russian Capt. Rikord gives the following description of a Japanese Lady, in his "Voyage to the Coast of Japan:"—On reaching the cabin door, she wished to take off her straw shoes, but as there were neither mats nor carpets, I explained to her by signs that this singular mark of politeness might be dispensed with. On entering the cabin, she placed both hands on her head, with the palms outwards, and saluted us by bending her body very low. I conducted her to a chair, and Kachi requested her to sit down. Fortunately for this unexpected visitor, there was on board our vessel a young and handsome woman, the wife of our surgeon's mate. The Japanese Lady seemed highly pleased on being introduced to her, and they quickly formed an intimacy. Our countrywoman endeavoured to entertain the foreigner with what the women of all countries delight in; she shewed her trinkets. Our visitor behaved with all the ease of a woman of fashion: she examined the ornaments with great curiosity, and expressed her admiration by an agreeable smile. But the fair complexion of our countrywoman seemed most of all to attract her attention. She passed her hands over her face, as though she suspected it had been painted, and with a smile exclaimed, "Yee yee!" which signifies "good." I observed that our visitor was somewhat vain of her new ornaments, and I held a looking glass before her, that she might see how they became her. The Russian Lady placed herself immediately behind her, in order to shew her the difference of their complexions. She immediately pushed the glass aside, and good humouredly said, "Varee, varee!" ("not good.") She herself might have been called handsome: her face was of the oval form, her features regular, and her little month, when open, disclosed a set of shining black lacquered teeth. Her black eyebrows, which had the appearance of having been pencilled, overarched a pair of sparkling dark eyes, which were by no means deeply seated. Her hair was black, and rolled up in the form of a turban, without any ornament except a few small tortoiseshell combs. She was about the middle size, and elegantly formed. Her dress consisted of six wadded silk garments, similar to our nightgowns, each fastened round the lower part of the waist by a separate band, and drawn close together from the girdle downwards. They were all of different colours, and the upper one was black. Her articulation was slow, and her voice soft. Her countenance was expressive and interesting, and she was altogether calculated to make a very agreeable impression. She could not be more than eighteen. We entertained her with fine green tea and sweatmeats, of which she drank and ate moderately. On taking leave, I made her some presents, with which she appeared to be very much pleased. I hinted to our countrywoman, that she should embrace her. When the Japanese observed what was intended, she ran into her arms, and kissed her with a smile.

*A Gourmand.*—I never knew a man who relished good eating more than Dr. Johnson did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed rivetted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite—which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled and generally a strong perspiration was visible! To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned, that Johnson, though he could be rigidly abstemious, was not a temperate man, either in eating or drinking: he could refrain, but he could not use moderation. He told me that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he ate upon all occasions when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he ate, but he was, or affected to be a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ask a man to."—On the other hand, he was wont to express with great glee his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day, when he had dined with his neighbour and landlord in Bolt court, Mr. Allen the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in everything, he pronounced this eulogy:—Sir, we could not have had a better dinner, had there been a Synod of Cooks."

*Pulpit Oratory in 1580.*—Fuller, in his Church History, relates, that Mr. Tavernour of Water Eaton in Oxfordshire, High Sheriff of the county, came in pure charity, not out of ostentation, and gave the scholars at Oxford a sermon in St. Mary's Church, with his gold chain about his neck, and his sword by his side, and accosted them thus:—"Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought

you some fine biscuits baked in the oven of charity, and carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation!"—Rowland Hill himself never addressed his "dearly beloveds" in a more execrable style.

*Confucius.*—This Chinese philosopher was born 551 years before Christ.—"Human nature," he said, "came to us from heaven pure and perfect; but in process of time, ignorance, the passions, and evil examples, have corrupted it. All consists in restoring it to its primitive beauty; and to be perfect, we must re-ascend to that point from which we have fallen. Obey heaven, and follow the orders of Him who governs it. Love your neighbour as yourself: let your reason and not your senses be the rule of your conduct; for reason will teach you to think wisely, to speak prudently, and to behave yourself worthily on all occasions."—See *Le Compté*.

*A Choking Remedy.*—It is highly perilous for inexperienced persons to travel upon the ice, even during the most intense frost. Besides the cracks and flaws that are to be avoided, there are places called air-holes which give way the moment a cabriolet is driven upon them; and when this takes place, the passengers often find great difficulty in saving their own lives, much more those of their horses. People who are in the habit of travelling much upon the ice, usual carry halters with them for the purpose of choking the horses, should an accident of this kind happen. The tightness of the rope closes the windpipe, and prevents the water from rushing into the lungs of the animal, while the air they contain renders its body so buoyant, that it floats upon the surface and is easily dragged out. However, considerable judgment is required to ensure the successful execution of this plan, as people sometimes pull the noose so tight, that they literally hang the animal they expect to save from drowning.—*Howison's Upper Canada, &c.*

*Chinese Women.*—The idolaters of beauty, the Chinese, are for ever at the feet of the beings whom they prosecute. When any of their wives are indisposed, they fasten a silken thread round her wrist, the cord of which is given to the physician, and it is only by the motion which the pulsation communicates to it, that he is allowed to judge of the state of his patient. The precaution of jealousy is almost unique in its kind.

*Low conduct in High Life.*—On Monday last, a dashing blood (whose name is known to us) nearly related to a late Minister of State, travelling with a retinue in three chariots, each drawn by four horses, thought proper to dignify his superior rank by endeavouring to defraud the turnpike-keepers of two gates between Carlisle and Ann; driving through, Jehu like, without paying the toll, in "legitimate" contempt of those salutary laws and regulations which all men are compelled to obey, and which no honourable man would attempt to violate. The two gate-keepers in a chaise, accompanied by a constable, pursued the Gentleman to Dunfries, where the Magistrates obliged him to pay the toll rates, with all attendant expenses, amounting as we are informed to nearly seven pounds.—*Carlisle Journal*.

*Curran.*—Curran says, in one of his letters to Mr. Weston, in the year 1773, "I still continue to read ten hours every day;—seven at law, and three at history, or the general principles of politics; and that I may have time enough, I rise at half-after four. I have contrived a machine after the manner of an hour-glass, which perhaps you may be curious to know, which wakens me regularly at that hour. Exactly over my head I have suspended two vessels of tin, one above the other: when I go to bed, which is always at ten, I put a bottle of water into the upper vessel, in the bottom of which is a hole, of such a size as to let the water pass through, so as to make the inferior reservoir overflow in six hours and a half. I have had no small trouble in apportioning those vessels; and I was still more puzzled for a while how to confine my head so as to receive the drop; but I have at length succeeded."

*France under the Old Regime.*—From Rheims we went to Dijon, a large well-fortified town in Burgundy, lying in the direct way from Paris to Lyons. The roads through which we passed afforded us the greatest variety of woods, rivers, and beautiful prospectus, that imagination could have formed, fond as it is of raising pleasurable ideas, which are seldom, very seldom, answered. In France, the poverty of the people and the fruitfulness of the soil, are circumstances that excite wonder and compassion. They are obliged to plough their ground every year, nevertheless it produces corn. The women (I speak of the common people) are more industrious than the men; they labor, they carry burdens. The husband is Hercules with the distaff; the wife is Omphale with the lions skin. All the great cities, and the districts belonging to them, at once proclaim the power and the shame of his arbitrary government. The French nobles are clad in purple. The French peasants have scarce sackcloth to cover them. There is no medium between laced clothes and rags. The equipages and number of horses seem to announce the wealth of the Indies. The persons who make those equipages, and who provide food for those horses, have not bread to eat.—*Lord Orrey's Letters. 1754.*

Genoa.

Genoa "the proud," thy pride is humbled now,  
And the scathed wreath drops withering from thy brow;  
The merchant brow, that once bid Monarchs wait  
In trembling expectation at thy gate,  
Must smooth its burning frown beneath the rod,  
That lifted waits a petty tyrant's nod;  
Smile when he smiles and bless the auspicious hour,  
Which gave those walls to his protecting power;  
Content to live and eat—'tis all a slave  
May have—'tis all a slave deserves to have;  
No fond remembrance of thy glories past,  
Can make despair forget they are the last,  
Or deck the dim horizon of the sky,  
With one faint gleam of dawning liberty;  
Think not a DONIA's heart will swell to save  
This land from death, more awful than the grave;  
Or that the chains, which faithless Monarchs made  
For the lost captives whom their arts betrayed,  
Will shiver, when thy unavailing grief,  
Instead of striking, prays of Heaven relief;  
These, too, those chains become, for thou hast been  
From infancy to dotage, ever seen  
A tyrant or a slave;—the one to those  
(Thy friends in bondage, and thy fallen foes,)  
Yet crouching to the many-headed thing,  
Child of thy loins, which, gathering strength to sting  
Its parent from the blood which gave it birth,  
Trod on thy neck and pressed thee to the earth.  
On the ill-fated, well-remembered day,  
When British thunder rolled along thy bay,  
Pledged was a nation's faith, a soldier's word,  
'Twas Freedom's sacred cause called forth the sword;—  
Oh! let thy curses fall on those who deem  
Freedom a plaything, honour but a dream;  
A People's groans meet music for the ear  
Of Kings; and love more dangerous than fear;  
Those panders to their master's vicious mood,  
E'en like a vampire's, when it thirsts for blood;  
But think not he was faithless, or that we  
E'er aim a willing blow at Liberty;—  
Would that the hour were come, as come it must,  
When Europe's sons, now trampled in the dust,  
Impatient of the chains, which cannot bind  
Their still increasing energy of mind,  
Shall, with one mighty effort, raise on high  
Their front, in renovated majesty;  
Blushing to think what slaves they were before,  
And swear, and feel, they will be such no more;  
—Thou, sea-girt daughter of fair Italy,  
Wilt, with the rest, then perish or be free!

Genoa, Sept. 1822.

Peter Vindarics.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

THE BITER BIT.

JACK DONSON, honest son of tillage,  
The Toby Philpot of his village,  
Laugh'd and grew fat, Time's gorgon visage braving;  
To hear him cackle at a hoax,  
Or new edition of old jokes,  
You'd think a Roman Capital was saving.

Not BONIFACE, when at a mug  
Of ale he gave a hearty tug.  
Was fuller of his subject matter;  
And DONSON had a better plea  
For boasting of its pedigree,  
For his was brew'd at home, and he  
Himself was infinitely fatter.

One cask he had, better and stronger  
Than all the rest—brewed at a christening—  
To pass it set his eyes a glistening;  
In short, he couldn't tarry longer,  
But seizing spiggot and a fancet,  
He tap'd it—quaff'd a luscious posset—  
Then, like a hospitable fellow,  
Sent for his friends to make them mallow.

Among them he invited one  
Call'd TIBBS, a simple-witted wight,  
Whom Mister DONSON took delight  
To make the subject of his fun:  
For Nature such few brains had put  
In neighbour TIBBS's occiput  
That all the rustic wags and wits  
Found him a most convenient butt  
For their good hits;  
Though sometimes, as both great and small aver,  
He gave them Rowland for their Oliver.

The guests all met, and dinner spread,  
DONSON first tipp'd the wink, then said,  
"Well, now, my lads, we'll all draw lots,  
To settle which of us shall go  
Into the cellarage below,  
To fill the pots."

So saying, he adroitly wriggled  
The shortest into TIBBS's paw,  
Whereat the others hugely giggled,  
And TIBBS, obedient to the law,  
Went down, the beverage to draw.

Now, Farmer DONSON, wicked wag!  
Over the cellar-door had slung  
A water-bowel, so slyly hung,  
That who so gave the door a drag  
Was sure to tumble down at once  
A quart of liquid on his scouce.

Our host and all his brother wits,  
Soon as they heard their victim's tramp,  
Who look'd half-drown'd, burst into fits,  
Which in fresh peals of laughter flamed,  
When TIBBS, in drawing tone, exclaim'd,  
Isn't your cellar rather damp?"

Grace being said, quick havoc follow'd;  
Many good things were said and swallow'd;  
Joking, laughing, stuffing, and quaffing,  
For a full hour they push'd about  
The cans, and when there came a pause,  
From mere exhaustion of their jaws,  
TIBBS, with his usual twang, draw'd out—

"Suppose we now draw lots again,  
Which of us shall go down to put  
The spiggot back into the butt."  
"Why, sounds!" the former roar'd again,  
"The spiggot back!—Come, come, you're fanning,  
You hav'n't left the liquor running?"

"I did as I was ordered, JACK,"  
Quoth TIBBS, "and if it was intention'd  
That I should put the spiggot back,  
It's a great pity 'twasn't mention'd:—  
You've lost a cask of precious stuff,  
But I, for one, have drunk enough."

"Ass! numscull! fool!" the farmer cried,—  
"What can one get, confound their souls!  
By asking such half-witted lubbers?"  
"This lesson, neighbour," TIBBS replied,  
"That those who choose to play at bowls,  
Should look to meet with rubbers!"

THE PARSON AT FAULT

A Country Parson took a notion  
Into his head, one Whitsuntide,  
That it was more like true devotion  
To preach extempore;—he tried:—  
Succeeded once—twice—thrice—but lo!  
His fourth discourse was not forthcoming;—  
Spite of his hawing and his humming,  
Not a word farther could he go;  
So that the worthy man perforce  
Was fain to leave them in the lurch,  
And say, that, since he came to church,  
He'd lost the thread of his discourse.

Whereat a man below exclaim'd,  
"Lock the door, beadle—search us round,  
I do insist, until it's found:  
The thief should really be ashamed.—  
Here are my pockets,—ransack both  
I have it not, I'll take my oath."

H.



# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—45—

## Letter from Jungypore.

We have been favored with the following extract of a letter from a respectable Planter at Jungypore, dated the 28th of April, 1823:—

"The weather is extremely warm and oppressive, and has been so for some time past. The hot winds have blown with greater violence and constancy, than has been experienced in this quarter for many years. The heat is so excessive, that coolies cannot work out of doors from 11 A. M. till half 2 P. M. Thermometer Fahrenheit 49° in a north room, and 112° in the sun, at 1 P. M. The prospects of the Indigo planters, so very promising at the end of February, are now quite the reverse. Not a drop of rain has fallen here, nor within 20 miles round, since the beginning of March. Half of the beautiful plant, sown two months ago, is dead; and what remains is suffering severely. The season is too far advanced to re-sow low lands, hence whatever may be sown hereafter, must be confined to Matecal soil; and will be limited in extent. A small produce is anticipated. Chicken-pox, chiefly attacking children, has been very prevalent in the neighbourhood for several weeks. There are also a few cases of cholera, but they are of a milder nature than formerly. The river is still open for Budgerows and large Country Boats."

## Atrocious Assault.

We have seen the individual so shockingly maltreated in Doomtollah Street, alluded to in our Notice to Correspondents, yesterday. He confirms, in every particular, the statement of our Correspondent, except in that of the Chowkeydars having got him down. In this it seems AN EYE WITNESS was mistaken: and it is fortunate that they did not succeed in this, or, in all probability, their victim would never have risen again; for judging from the disfigured state of the individual's countenance, three days after the horrid assault, it is evident that much savage ferocity must have been exercised towards him by the Chowkeydars of the Thanna.

We call upon AN EYE WITNESS in the name of that justice which has been so grossly violated, in the name of humanity that has been so wantonly outraged, to come forward and aid, by his testimony, in drawing down punishment on the heads of the wretches who have thus dared to break the peace of the city which they are purposely employed to keep. On a late occasion, we adverted to the brutality of the Chowkeydars: and we have now no hesitation in saying, that unless a signal example is made of some of them, the most dreadful consequences will ensue. The Native inhabitants of Calcutta, stand in such awe of these men, that they cannot be expected to appear against them; and a European, if alone, may thus be murdered by them in open day, unless a witness, who is above the reach of their malice, happen to be on the spot. In the instance now more immediately under consideration, the injured individual has both the spirit, and the means, to seek redress, however expensive the attainment of it may be; but it will be difficult for him to succeed from the causes we have mentioned, unless AN EYE WITNESS comes forward to further the ends of justice. We, however, doubt not, but he will readily do this; and also endeavour to bring forward the Khidmutgar who likewise witnessed the outrage detailed by him.

We have been informed, that the case alluded to by our Correspondent, A CITIZEN, is not yet decided: and we cannot but entertain apprehensions, that this delay may have given rise to a confidence in the Chowkeydars, that they may, with impunity, drag respectable men even from the doors of their own houses; and to make the murderous assault which AN EYE WITNESS describes. Something must be done to remedy this growing evil; for if persons of respectability, or indeed any peaceable citizens are to be exposed to such brutal attacks, they will be obliged to carry arms to protect themselves from such indignities and outrage. The consequences of such a resource against illegal violence may be easily foreseen, when it is considered that forbearance, or peaceably yielding to these savages, is of no avail; for the very act of an individual surrendering quietly, is by these cowards only made the signal for

the exercise of their ferocity: and their bludgeons are then unsparingly used upon the person of their defenceless victim.

The following is the Letter of AN EYE WITNESS, which was withheld until we could obtain authentic information as to the truth of its statements:—

SIR, To the Editor of the Journal.

Last night at 11 o'clock, while I was getting into my bed, I heard a noise of several voices: *mar! mar!* was the cry, and an European calling out *kubburdar! mut mar.*—I immediately ran to the window, facing the street, from which I could see the Thannah of Dometolah Street, where my house is also situated; and I saw about 10 Chowkeydars belabouring an European, whom I saw knocked down,\* and stretched on the ground!!! You may guess, Sir, that I could no longer stand and witness such a brutal attack on a single individual unarmed, whilst the Chowkeydars were provided with bludgeons, but ran to the spot, to remonstrate with these miscreants. The Jummadar, a young emaciated little fellow, on seeing me, prevented the blows, which were showering down on the poor European's head and face, while the BLOOD WAS RUNNING IN STREAMS FROM HIS TEMPLES, and told me to *be gone*, or I should have to be called as evidence. The case was that of battery and assault laid against the European, whom they were carrying to the Town Guard. I told them not to maltreat the poor man any more, as he had enough, and was bleeding very much.—*Ha!* says the Jummadar, he beat me in the face and bled me—*tomara ank nahin dek ne ho!* One of the Chowkeydars exultingly cried, that *he* was the person who apprehended the *Roomes*,† who killed in self-defence a Chowkeydar lately.

I know not who was the first aggressor, as I was not present at the commencement of the affray; but from what I learnt from a by-stander, who is employed in a neighbouring house as Kitmutgar, I suppose that the Chowkeydars were making merry in the Thannah, and scraping a fiddle, and the European had only stood up a little near the Thannah, for which he was attacked, and beaten unmercifully. He has, it appears, been released on Bail.

Your obedient Servant,

May 1, 1823.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

\* The gentleman, who was so brutally treated, states his having once stooped down to pick up his hat, which had been knocked off his head with a bludgeon.

† Turk.

## Brutality of Chowkeydars.

SIR, To the Editor of the Journal.

Your Notice to Correspondents to-day, brings to my remembrance a Letter published in your JOURNAL, some time since, giving an account of the brutal treatment of two respectable Europeans by the Chowkeydars; to which you appended some remarks, expressing your hope that the offenders would be punished: but, with the exception of a short Note to a Letter copied from the HURKAU, in which you state that the Magistrates were examining into the case, we have heard nothing more on the subject. It is with a view of eliciting further information, as to the consequences of this disgraceful occurrence, that I am now induced to address you. A greater insult could not be offered to the British name and power in the East, than the supposition that the most despicable wretches in the creation, should be allowed, when dressed up in a little brief authority, to assault with savage ferocity, respectable Europeans,—drag them away from their very doors—and inflict degrading punishment on them in the public street, in violation of all law! Yet the silence of the gentlemen who have been maltreated in this way, might lead to the belief, that there was some considerable difficulty in obtaining redress for such injuries by the severe punishment of the offenders. Those however who have ever heard of the Magistrate before whom the case was brought for examination, will not require any statement to be made public to convince them, that justice was rendered, if the case be indeed decided, and punishment adequate, (as far the law admits of it) to the offence, awarded against the offenders. But the result of the examination ought to be made public for the satisfaction of the community at large, who have been informed, that two respectable

Europeans have been assaulted and beat in the public roads by Chowkeydars; and have never heard whether they have been punished for committing the outrage or not. Yours &c.  
May 2, 1823

A CITIZEN.

## Visit to Uooncan Mandatta.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO UOONCAN MANDATA, IN  
MAY 1820.

*Monday, May 15, 1820.*—At half past 4 p. m. started from Mandlaysir in progress to Uooncan Mandatta, proceeded this evening to Maundrah; road, the first part bad, but after getting over about a mile and half, it improves, and the remainder is very good. Passed two villages of some extent, the first about 3 miles distant from Mandlaysir called Kongaun, the other called Durgau, arrived at Maundrah at 7 a. m. the distance from Mandlaysir about 7½ miles. The country cultivated, Maundrah is composed of three detached villages, one of them surrounded by a mud wall with two towers on it. Water in plenty and tolerably good. *Tuesday 16,* started at day break for Pepleea where we arrived at 6½ a. m. Passed two deserted villages and one almost so; distance from Maundrah 8½ miles; road is good but lies through a jungle all the way. At 5 p. m. started again for Astrea where we were to sleep; passed two villages distance from Pepleea 6 miles, road still continues good, but the jungle the same.

*Wednesday, 17.*—Started at day break for Burwall, about three miles from Astrea, lost our road and travelled about 4 miles farther than there was any occasion for; fell in with an almost deserted village called Mall where we were set right. Arrived at Burwall at 7 a. m. It is pretty large and has a stone fort of some extent with a nullah in which there are great numbers of fish; distance from Astrea 9 miles. The country from Durgau a complete jungle scarcely cultivated even round the villages which are small and generally in ruins. The weather has as yet been pleasant; water to be had at all the above mentioned places tolerably good and in plenty; ground good for encamping on. Encamped on the East side of the village among some trees on the banks of the nullah; water here tastes fishy and requires boiling.

*Thursday, 18.*—We this day halted at Burwall; went out in the morning on an elephant but saw nothing except a few Antelopes; country all round a complete jungle full of ravines; got through it with difficulty; very little wind, and the sun powerfully hot. There is a nullah lies east of Burwall. The fort which is very extensive and well built, was erected by Raja —. The interior is now in ruins; but there have been some good houses in it; its shape is square with circular bastions, the South East of which is in ruins, the walls are about 25 feet high. Holkar left two guns in it, a short brass 12 pr. on a ruined field carriage. The other, an old hooped iron gun not worth any thing; a well of apparently good water it also possesses dug thro' the solid rock. The town of Burwall (which lies on its south face) is almost in ruins; very few houses inhabited, but there appears to have been some good ones in it. It is surrounded by a mud wall and has at one time been very extensive. *Friday 19.* On horseback for Uooncan Mandata, the first part of the road is very good, but got worse every step we advanced. About three miles from Burwall, it begins to get very bad indeed, the ascent beginning here by ledges in the rock which it was wonderful our horses got up. We pursued this unpleasant path for two miles sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, until we came to the grand descent and a tremendous one it is, the rock being broken or worn into a kind of irregular step; it is not however long. The pathway at the bottom, runs along the foot of huge perpendicular rocks and the banks of the Nerbudda, and continues in this way over rocks and stones, until you come to the ford to cross to the Island Uooncan is situated on, which was by far the worst part of our ride. The river runs very rapid over large round stones, which it is really dangerous to ride over, as they roll from under your horse whenever he puts his foot on them; however, we pursued our way over the same description of path as we had passed previous to our reaching the ford, and at length reached Uooncan in safety.

Uooncan is situated on the south face of an immense rock, rising out of the centre of the river. The town now in ruins (being

destroyed by fire previous to our arrival), is a miserable place. The only thing worth seeing is the Temple, which is at least a curiosity: it is built about 200 yards from the river, to which it is connected by a long and regular flight of steps. The weight of it is very great; the platforms of the temple as they rise over each other, are supported by pillars, thick and placid, very close together; the ghauts are neatly finished and have a good appearance. The features of the landscape are bold and imposing. The Nerbudda, winds through the hills on either side, sometimes rushing with the rapidity of a mountain torrent over beds of stones, at others, running in a clear deep stream until the hills shut it from your sight. It is rather narrow, and appears in the lapse of ages to have cut its bed through the solid rocks which enclose it. Great numbers of Pilgrims resort to this sacred spot from all parts of India, and at all seasons, believing that the sight of the Temple cures all diseases whether of body or mind. Uooncan lies S. E. from Burwall about 7 miles: the road through a thick jungle. Immediately opposite to the south bank of the river lies the village of Gojaporah, much superior in its appearance to Uooncan; crossed over and took up my abode in a house there built for the accommodation of sojourners; very hot and no wind. At 3 p. m. started on our return to Burwall which place we reached after a most unpleasant ride of 2 hours duration, saw some large Apes in the jungle. *Saturday 20,* left Burwall at Sun-rise for Ramporah, distance 4 miles. Ramporah, is a most miserable place, no supplies to be got of any description, water scarce and bad. A fine Tope to pitch in; but swarming with a large description of red ants (called Muttas) which bite most severely. In the afternoon, at half past 3, the wind blew with violence accompanied with a most tremendous hail storm. The largest hail stones I ever saw. *Sunday 21,* started a little before day break for Pepleea, weather very cold; found a great coat pleasant. *Monday 22,* halted at Pepleea went out shooting and wounded a bear but could not find him. Pepleea is a miserable place in ruins; not above 10 inhabitants in it; a nullah runs close to it in which there are some fish. *Tuesday 23,* started at day break for Maundrah arrived at 7 a. m. The black tiger is, I believe, peculiar to this part of India never having heard of it in any other Provinces. *Wednesday 24,* started at day light for cantonments. On my arrival found my tent pitched where my house stood when I left it so much for the comfort of Mandlaysir.

*June 1820.*—It is a very pleasing object to see the improvements that have taken place in this part of the country since our arrival. At first the inhabitants throughout the district of Newaar in which province Mandlaysir is situated, were to be delivered up to Holkar, but no sooner did they find we were to remain, than the country as far as the eye could reach about cantonments displayed one continued scene of employment; ploughs working in every direction; and in the space of a fortnight there was not an inch of ground for miles round (capable of it) uncultivated. Could some of those yeipers at home who rail at the injustice of the British Government in India, have witnessed the ignorant ryot of a newly conquered province, blessing himself for being placed under our authority and returning to his labour with confidence in the certainty of reaping what he sowed—how differently would they speak!

*June '25.*—Went on a water excursion with Sir J. Malcolm to Meheasir, a fort about 6 miles to the west of this place and on the right bank of the river. It is an extensive place, built on a remarkably high bank and decorated with numerous Hindoo pagodas and bathing ghauts of the most exquisite workmanship. It is truly astonishing to examine the architecture, and particularly of one Temple in which the correctness of design and the truly beautiful execution, are far superior to every thing of the kind, any of the party ever witnessed in India. The architect was sent for and appeared a venerable old man of the common cast of Raj's (masons) he was made one of the happiest men living by old Bas Mul Dadda the Governor of Meheasir's presenting him at our request (in public darbar) with a rich turban cloth and shawl. I don't recollect ever to have seen a picture of more exquisite delight than was portrayed in the poor fellow's countenance on receiving this public mark of (to him) the highest honor that could be bestowed, acknowledging in the midst of his fellow citizens the merit, which fifty years of labour, had at last procured him. His



old eyes glistened with pleasure; his bent figure became erect, and every nerve appeared to tremble with sensations of the purest delight. Old Bas Mull Dadda, who is of his own age nearly, and a man of the highest rank in this part of the country, himself bound on his turban. The most extraordinary fact relating to this aged architect, however is, that in all the beautiful buildings he erected, he never drew a plan for any one of the many he erected, though the most admirable mathematical precision prevails throughout the whole.

The Island of Uooncan Mandatta, is about five miles in circumference: The northern side of it, has been fortified; one wall near the top, is all that now remains, of which the greater part has shared the fate of the rest, being mostly in ruins. The sacrifice rock, is situated in the N. E. corner of the island; it is about 70 feet perpendicular height; at the bottom is a stone, besmeared with red paint, on which they say Maha Deo precipitated himself when he disappeared from the world. Numbers of infatuated victims yearly precipitate themselves from this rock at the annual Fair, which takes place in November. Last year there were only two instances, one an old man of sixty-five years of age, Potali, of a neighbouring village, who in spite of all that could be said to dissuade him, persisted in his determination of sacrificing himself;—he sat down and eat his dinner with his relations, appeared to enjoy himself at his meal, and at 3 o'clock having bathed and attired himself afresh, he advanced with the utmost coolness to the edge of the rock, sprang off, and in a moment was dashed to pieces. The other after going through the same ceremonies followed his example. The Temple, the Natives say, has existed since the creation of the world; it has however a modern appearance which they ascribe to the following circumstance.

About 150 years ago, a king of Mandoo, came to Uooncan with the intention of destroying all the Temples, and holy places about the island; he proceeded in his impious design and ruined all the minor places of worship, but on his approaching the grant Temple he was struck blind which he attributed to the anger of the God, and desisted. In the hopes of recovering sight he made the Bramins magnificent presents; ordered the Temple to be enlarged and ornamented and rebuilt all the places he had destroyed. Maha Deo, they say, signified his intention (previous to his leaving the world) of taking up his continual residence beneath the Temple of Uooncan; and on the right hand as you enter, they shew you a small square recess communicating with a subterranean passage in which the foolish Pilgrims deposit their offerings for the sleek and idle Bramins to pocket, this passage according to their traditions communicates with the cave at Allahabad, and reaches to Benares and Hurdwar. The Pilgrims generally come to Uooncan, previous to proceeding to Hurdwar. On the north face of the island, is a cave, called the cave of echo which has certainly the greatest power in echoing the slightest noise I ever heard. When you speak low your words are echoed in a loud voice, and if you fire a Pistol it sounds like the firing of a battery of 24 pounders; there is nothing more in the island worthy of notice except the bare-faced falsehood of the Bramins which is beyond anything I ever heard (even from natives) One of them whom I got hold of to point out the curiosities of the island, on my asking him what went on at the fair, had the impudence to tell me, they had horse races and elephant and tiger fights; now a horse could not move on any part of the island except what I rode over (and that was at the imminent danger of breaking my own and horse's neck) An elephant getting to the place is entirely out of the question; unless he dropped from the clouds. I asked him in what part of the Island these sports took place: the only answer he could give me was, that he could not show it, but that he saw them there every fair for the last 40 years. The influence the Bramins have over the most sensible natives, is most astonishing. I had an opportunity of observing an instance in Suroop Tewarie, my Subadar one of the most intelligent natives I have met with; he actually paid one of these drones, 20 Rupees a month to perform certain ceremonies for him at Uooncan which I dare say after all were not performed. I was much surprised when he told me of it; for I had formed a much higher opinion of his understanding.

## The Former Gods of Britain.

(From the Friend of India.)

We have been favoured with the following account from the Rev. J. Peggs, of Cattaek:—

"I have been frequently impressed with the thought, how utterly are the idols abolished, and the remembrance of them perished, throughout all Europe! And the same will eventually be the doom of them all; for the Lord will 'furnish all the Gods of the earth; and men shall worship him every one from his place, even all the isles of the heathen,' Zeph. ii. 11. But though the idols of our ancestors are 'buried amidst the wreck of things that were,' yet the admonition of the prophet, 'Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged,' appears natural, and calculated to promote gratitude to God, and compassion for those who are still in the horrid pit of idolatry, with their hearts, as it were, petrified like the stones which they worship.—These considerations have induced me to send you an account of the idols of the ancient Britons and Saxons, from Martin's General Magazine of Arts and Sciences, vol. i. published in London in 1755.

"The idols which our Saxon ancestors adored were diverse, and in many peculiarities differed from those of the Romans, though some authors represent them in several material instances analogous either in name, form, or the properties attributed to them. Of all their deities they appropriated seven to the days of the week.

1.—*The idol of the Sun.*—This first and principal object of their adoration was placed in a temple, and there adored and sacrificed to, believing that the sun in the firmament did with or in this idol correspond and co-operate. To the day dedicated to the special adoration of this idol they gave the name of Sunday, whence our name for the first day of the week, Sunday. The image of this idol was like a naked man, set upon a pillar; his face as it were brightened with gleams of fire, and he held, with both his arms stretched out, a burning wheel before his breast; the wheel being to signify the course which he runneth round about the world; and his brightness the light and heat wherewith he warms and cherishes the animal and vegetable world.

2.—*The idol of the Moon.*—Was the next deity, according to the course of the days of the week. This image was worshipped on the second of the week called by them Moonday, and since by us Munday. The form of this idol was very extraordinary, for though made like a woman, it was habited with a short coat, like a man, and with a hood having two long ears. The moon before her breast was probably intended to teach us who she was; but the reason of her hood, her appearing with long ears, short coat, and piked shoes, history does not inform us.

3.—*The idol Tuiseo.*—Was another of their favourite deities. He was considered as the first father and ruler of the Germans and Scythians; and it was a custom that prevailed almost universally among the heathens to dignify such personages as had governed well, or distinguished themselves by heroic or beneficent acts, with the name reputation and reverence of Gods, or Goddesses after their death. Tuiseo was deified was their as their Conductor, Lord and Lawgiver. In process of time they fabled that Tuiseo was the son of the earth, and that all their country was his; hence they called it Tuysch, (otherwise Teutonic) and themselves Tuyschens, and afterwards Duytsches or Duytsch people; whence came the name of Tuesday, the day especially dedicated to the adoration and service of this idol. Tuiseo was represented standing on a pedestal; as an old, venerable sage, clothed in a garment of skin, holding a scepter in one hand, and the other spread more open, whether to denote his clemency, or his dictating to his subjects, is not ascertained.

4.—*The idol Woden.*—Was esteemed and honoured as their God of battle, as the Romans reputed and honoured their God Mars. His character was that of a victorious prince and captain; they therefore prayed and sacrificed to him after his death,

that by his aid they might obtain victory over their enemies, which when obtained they attributed to him, and sacrificed such prisoners as they had taken in battle. The name of Woden signifies fierce or furious, and the day peculiarly appropriated to his service was called Wodenaday, instead of which we say Wednesday. Many encomiums were bestowed on his deity. Woden was represented in a bold and martial posture, clad in armour, with a broad sword uplifted.

5.—*The idol Thor.*—Was not only deified and sacrificed to by the ancient pagan Saxons, but by all the Teutonics, even by the people that dwell beyond Thule or Iceland. In Greenland he was worshipped, and in memory of him a promontory and a river were called after him, and according to historians even down to the present time. This great reputed God, being of more estimation than many of the like sort, (though of no worth,) was majestically placed in a large and spacious hall; there seated as if reposing himself on a bed of state. Thor was represented with a crown of gold on his head, adorned with a circle in front, above and below, wherein were set twelve bright burnished golden stars; and with a kingly sceptre in his right hand. The deluded Pagans believed him to be a God of astonishing power and might; that there was no people in the world who did not pay him divine honour; that there was no puissance comparable to his domination, extending itself over both heaven and earth, that in the air he governed, and when displeased, did cause thunder and lightning, tempest, excessive rain, &c. but that being rendered propitious by their sacrifices, he blessed them with seasonable weather, and plenty of corn and fruits, as well as kept them from evil and afflictions of every kind. Of the weekly day which was dedicated to his peculiar service, we yet retain the name of Thursday; the Danes and Swedes still call it Thursday. In the Netherlands it is called Thunders-dag, or in English Thunders-day, by which they anciently intended the day of the God of Thunder. In some of our old Saxon books it is written Thunresdag, from hence the name Thor, or Thaur was abbreviated from Thunre, which we now write Thunder.

6.—*The idol Friga.*—Was the next idol in dignity. This idol was depicted an hermaphrodite. She held in her right hand a drawn sword, and in her left a bow, signifying thereby that women as well as men should, in time of need, be ready to fight. Some honoured her for a god and some for a goddess, (chiefly the latter) as the giver of love and peace, riches and plenty. The day they celebrated her praises our ancient Saxons called Frigedag, whence the name Friday.

7.—*The idol Seater.*—Was by some supposed to be Saturnus; for he was otherwise called Crodo. Seater was represented on a pillar, whereon was placed a perch (on the sharp prickled back of which he stood,) of a lean visage, with long hair and a long beard, bare-headed and bare-footed, wearing a long coat girded with linen. In his left hand a girdle upon a wheel, and in his right a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits. The explanation of this portraiture and dress, sufficiently shew the sentiments they had of him. His standing on the sharp fins of this fish was to signify that the Saxons for their serving him should pass safely in the most dangerous and difficult places. By the wheel was betokened the unity of the Saxons, and their mutual agreement in one course. By the girdle was signified the Saxons' freedom. By the pail of water with flowers and fruits was declared that by kind and seasonable showers he would nourish the earth for such productions. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained, Seater's day or Saturday. The Saxons had beside these, the idol Ermenesewl, which they held in great reputation as the friend and supporter of the poor. Ermenesewl was represented in arms standing among flowers; in his right hand he held a staff having a banner, wherein was painted a red rose; and in his other hand he held a balance, and upon his head a cock; on his breast was carved a bear, and before his middle an escutcheon, &c. This idol was also worshipped by the Franks and by the other Germans. He also is taken to be the same that the Romans interpreted for Mercury; and Woden for Mars; Thor for Jupiter; Friga for Venus; and Seater for Saturnus. They ad-

dored also the idol Flynt, who had this name on account of being set upon a flint stone. Also Holmstead, Prono, Fidegast, Sieve and some others, unworthy of notice: though such were their gross blindness, that they not only paid them divine honours, but even sacrificed human creatures to them. Yea, king Harold of Norway, the first of that name, sacrificed two of his sons that he might obtain a tempest at sea; to disperse and destroy the armada which Harold, king of Denmark, and the sixth of that name, had prepared to come against him.

### Selections.

*Madras, April 19, 1823.*—We have to announce the arrival of the Bark GEORGE, Captain Poulson, from Point de Galle the 3rd, and Pondichery the 16th instant.

The Bark GEORGE fell in with the CANNON, Captain McCarthy, off Ceylon.

*Passengers per George.*—Mrs. Poulson and H. Dickinson, Esq. C. S.

The Ship CALEDONIA, Captain R. Carns, from Van Diemen's Land the 15th Feb. arrived in the Roads at day-break yesterday morning.

Since our last publication the Ships SRERBURN JULIANA and AJAX, have all sailed for Calcutta, as also the Brig HAMMIDOLLAH for Chittagong.—*Madras Gazette.*

*Fire at Bhowannipore.*—We regret that we have to announce that a most destructive fire took place at Bhowannipore on Tuesday morning amongst a number of native huts. The wind blowing violently at the same time, the flames raged to an alarming extent, and ere a stop could be put to the progress of the destructive element, upwards of a thousand huts were consumed to ashes, and the poor inhabitants left to wander, without a house or a home. We have been informed that a boy was burned, but we cannot rely upon the fact. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been accidental, and is said to have originated in some sparks which escaped from a fire of a Washerman, which speedily communicated with the houses and produced the destruction above related.—*Hurkaru.*

### Shipping Arrivals.

CALCUTTA.					
Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
May.	1 Bombay Merchant	British	Hill	Madras	April 26
	2 Woodford	British	A. Chapman	London	Oct. 6

### Stations of Vessels in the River.

CALCUTTA, MAY 1, 1823.  
At Diamond Harbour.—EXMOUTH, outward-bound, remains.—JULIANA, inward-bound, remains.  
Kedgerree.—THETIS, outward-bound, remains.  
New Anchorage.—H. C. S. ROYAL GEORGE.

### Passengers.

*Passengers, by the following Ships per Woodford, Captain A. Chapman, from London the 6th of October, Cape of Good Hope the 25th of January, and Madras the 26th of April.*

*From London.*—Messrs. Udny, McLeod, Hardie and Warner; Misses Palmer, T. Udny, F. Udny, E. Udny, Law, Creighton, Marshall, Hardie, Birch, Matheson, Loveday, Scott and E. Scott; Lieut. Ingram, 3rd Battalion N. I.; Mr. Loveday, Mr. Scott, Mr. Clare, Free Merchant, Madame De L'Etang, from Madras.

*Passengers per Bombay Merchant, Captain John Hill, from Persian Gulf the 3rd of March, Bombay and Madras the 26th of April.*

*From Bombay.*—Captain Thomas Mitchell, of the Country Service; Messrs. Cairfoot, Hazelwood, Thos. Aldridge, and H. Goodwin, Free Mariners.

### Marriage.

On the 23rd ultimo, at St. John's Cathedral, by the Reverend W. Eales, Mr. GEORGE CAIR, to Miss ANNA HARRIET FRANCIS, eldest daughter of the late C. C. FRANCIS, Esq.

### Birth.

At Batavia, on the 1st of November 1821, the Lady of Captain C. ETTY, of a Daughter.

### Deaths.

On the 2d instant, CHRISTOPHER MEADE, Esq. aged 22 years.  
At Batavia, on the 25th of November 1821, EATHER JANE, Daughter of Captain C. ETTY, aged 3 years, 10 months and 25 days.